THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN TIME OF WAR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There is a sadness in the autumn air,
Something beside the yellow leaf and sere
Reminds us of the hopes the young spring brought,
Sweet hopes that perish with the waning year;
And over all the land a sigh of pain
Shudders along the mellow atmosphere.

The great heart of the nation stirred from peace,
Torn from the quiet langor of its rest,
Breaks lavishly its wealth of crimson life
On southern fields, and prairies of the west—
Oh, what shall be our final recompense
For all this carnage of our brave and best?

A Country, and a Name! we stand for that!
Convinced, though suffering, it is better far
To weep for all we love and cherish most,
Than to give up a single glorious star—
And let the right hand perish that would dare
The blue field of our banner thus to mar!

We count the cost. We know the stricken hearts!
God pity them! and make them strong to bear!
And from the waste wild lands of sea-girt Maine,
Unto the golden shore of promise fair—
Unite as one, once more, each severed state—
And let the cry of Union fill the air.

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XIV.

HEPSY'S CHILD.

Miss Arleigh had tossed from side to side of her great chair with every sign of impatient pain while I read; some times she had started and sat upright, glaring straight before her, and then sunk back again murmuring some unintelligible words I could not gather; but finally she had fallen into a stupid slumber, or unconscious state, it seemed to me, and then Janet had taken my place, and bade me go and walk awhile. After being very weary I could not rest nor sleep if I lay down, so I turned out of the hall into the narrow walk that led to the little hot-house where Tim kept his few flowers rescued from winter's cold, and paced it up and down breathing the dull, damp air, without the least consciousness of the chilliness of the season. Then after a long time I went and listened at Miss Arleigh's door, and finding all quiet, came down again, till at last it growing to be dull and towards twilight, I strayed into the scarcely ever occupied drawing-room, and finding it empty, as it always was, sat down in the window seat, and leaning my head against the panes in the shadow of the curtain fell asleep before I knew that I even felt drowsy. At last voices seemed talking to me out of a dense cloud, and I heard names that I knew, and struggling with a sense of dizziness and painful fear, I at last became aware that I had been asleep, that it was dark and cold where I was lying, and that two people were talking near me. The voice that first struck upon my ear seemed one that I had never heard, but before I had listened to many words, I recalled it as that of Colonel Arleigh's.

"I cannot tell why I came back, Janet," it cried, "but some power I could not analyze drew me this way for the last year. I resisted it awhile, and then gave way, as I always do."

"Was it for her sake that you came, sir?"

It was Janet's voice asked this, but her tone was not a usual one, calm, sustained and quiet, it had nothing of its old natural rasping harshness in it.

"No," replied the other frankly, "why should I deceive you and say it was. Never from the first moment that I can remember did I feel a moment's pleasure in Anne Arleigh's presence. She was always proud, bitter and fanatical in her exactions, and no one could have endured the slavery of being with her always."

"I have," said Janet quietly.

"Ah, I dare say," returned the Colonel lightly; "you understood her, you see, and appreciated her and all that; with me it is different, she positively appals me at times, and at times has the fascination of a handsome snake."

"You came home with some object, you know that without it nothing could have drawn you back to a place which has become hateful to you through fearful memories."

The Colonel laughed a hollow laugh, not like *himself, and becoming still more trifling in his* manner said,

"You pay me the tribute of possessing ladylike nerves, don't you, Janet? but really I don't deserve your commiseration."

She said nothing, but seemed to keep her questioning eye upon him, for he got up uneasily, and moved up and down the room. At last he stopped and said,

"Yes, I did have an object, Janet, or something like an object. I heard—" here he dropped his voice to a whisper, "I heard that some one from the family had seen or traced Hester in some way, and that—that—" he seemed to have some difficulty in continuing; but at last said bluntly, "Well, that there was a child in the case."

"Hester's child?" questioned Janet coldly.

"Yes," he assented, and added, eagerly, "can you, Janet, like a good creature, as I know you to be, can you throw any light on this?"

"I knew there was a child," she said in the same tone.

"I am glad to have you give stability to what reached me in a round-about-way. Thank you, Janet, tell me more about them, and, believe me, I shall remember the service you render."

"I must know your motives first—perhaps I can tell you something, perhaps not, but first of all I must know your motives."

"Now, Janet," laughed the Colonel gayly, "this is positively taking advantage of a transparent fellow like me. Motive, what motive should I have in making a natural inquiry; what motive had you in coming in here as you did with such a ghostly air a few moments ago?"

"I came with a friendly purpose to you, Colonel Arleigh. You have called me a plotter and a deep subtle woman in times gone by. I'll disprove your words by my candor now. I came to warn you to leave this house for your own sake. Miss Arleigh has lost that control over herself that sustained her so long, she is so weak now that I dare not trust her to herself. Old memories are strong in her, and you know that she has cause to recall you with bitterness."

As she spoke I was conscious of something white gliding past the opening in the curtain behind which I was concealed, but they were too deeply engrossed with their own thoughts to notice it, if indeed it were anything more than my own fancy.

"She was a fearful friend; I never knew peace till she declared her enmity, and since then I have been sure of her hate, and rather comfortable under it than otherwise."

"You wronged her, you know you wronged her," cried Janet, the harsh passion natural to her expressed in her voice for the first time. "You were betrothed in early youth; you grew to be a man, and yet never broke or spoke of breaking the engagement; when it was broken you knew it was her act."

"The place was mine by right," he said, as excitedly almost as Janet. "That arbitrary old creature, her aunt, left it to us if we married, but to her if we did not. If she died single it would revert to my heirs; you remember this, for she told you everything. Well, I was neither rich nor great then, and this was something to look forward to the old jade knew that, and so she bound me with this band of iron; it was impossible that we should agree. Hester's flight brought our troubles to a climax, and after that dreadful scene we parted, as you know—the mysterious death made the place hateful to me, and I never should have come again but that I wished to trace Hester. I failed in that, and nearly lost my life from some friend's shooting at me as I rode in the Park. I have come here again with the same end in view, I want to trace Hester or her child."

"Why? To do her or it some further wrong? If so she is beyond your power—she is dead."

"Yes, I know that," he answered in a low tone, "but the child is not dead, I know by your tone the child is not dead."

"You need guess no more by my tone.—I will tell you all I discovered. Miss Arleigh was filled with an intense desire to hear of the poor wanderer. A gipsy woman whom I knew came up with her when she was lying weak and ill behind a hedge, and after caring for her—the child was born in a gipsy camp—came to give me information. When I went to see her with Miss Arleigh, who was wild to get the child, she had gone in the night somehow, they could not explain it; but the mother of the tribe said the baby died, and when they told her of it she became distracted and fled."

"Is that all," he cried, with a strangely vexed tone. "Can you tell me no more? Listen to me. Hester was my wife; yes, you are astonished, I know—but she was my wife. I told her that the marriage was a counterfeit, because I feared her rashness in avowing it to Anne, who I was convinced would have formed an alliance with any one, it mattered not whom, just to thwart me. Now this child is my heir, and hers too, according to the will; she is weak and infirm, and my fortunes need propping. I told you I would be frank; now you see my motive."

"If Hester were your wife, why did she go off in the dress of that foreign girl, and try to lose herself forever; was there no shame in that?" Janet asked this in a cold, suppressed tone, that showed her determination to allow neither surprise nor disbelief to be seen by her companion.

He answered in rather a shuffling way, as if he felt ashamed of the confession—

"I feared her telling Anne, and making a scene, as I told you. It was for her safety as well as mine. She had no patience; she went off mysteriously; God knows where; and that's the end of it. I never could endure to be left alone with Miss Arleigh. I could just as easily have taught myself to adore a phantom as her; yet the poor girl was jealous of her, I suppose."

"To say nothing of the swarthy beauty that died up yonder," said Janet, deliberately; and at the same moment both she and her companion started back and uttered a joint cry of alarm. Regardless of discovery in the excitement of the moment, I leaned forward, and by the faint dull light in the room that came through the upper windows, and was but just sufficient to distinguish objects from shadows, I saw Miss Arleigh—I knew her not by her face, but by her form and the white dress and scarf she wore—rise up from behind some tall backed chairs and confront them with her arm stretched out menacingly,

"Plotters, plotters," she cried, in a shrill, wild laugh, "plotters, and I have caught you. You left me sleeping, but I see and hear in my sleep, so I tracked you here. Ah, you are confounded, are you? I'll tell you something—I found the child, and Janet strangled it, as we would have done its mother; wouldn't we, Janet? had we caught her!"

"She's raving," said Janet, recovering herself quickly, and approaching her side. "Take no heed of what she says, she's raving. You know what time of year this is, and you can guess the reason why it so affects her, can you not?"

She broke away from her attendant's arms, that would have restrained her, and coming close to the Colonel she almost hissed in his ear—

"You married her, and deceived me! Well, well, as Janet says, I have lost my self-control, and now you may well take heed to your life."

Whether he rightly heard or understood her I can not say. Janet was between them, and by every effort in her power she strove to deaden the sound of her words. Suddenly Miss Arleigh became herself, and gathering her drapery round her, she motioned her attendant to follow her, and went away quietly, as was her wont, and with no sign of her late outbreak in her face. Janet lingered but to say a word or two, they were these—

"So Colonel Arleigh, your love of beauty is yielding to your love of gold. Faugh! They are bad passions to succeed one another."

In the silence and glow that followed, I could not guess whether I was altogether alone or not, and so I lay back breathlessly, awaiting any movement that would enlighten me.

It was a rather startling one I heard first, for Colonel Arleigh, left to himself, walked directly to the window where I lay, and drew aside the curtain. Seeing me there, he stepped back with an exclamation of alarm—but recovering himself instantly, he bent down and looked at me closely. I must have been an incipient actress, for I feigned sleep so thoroughly that he raised himself again, saying under his breath,

"What a pretty, innocent little girl she is; and she reminds me of some one too, but I can't think who."

When he had first caught sight of me, his start and cry had seemed like that of a weak, cowardly person, and somehow I had a strange, indefinable dislike to acknowledge to myself that he was wanting in courage. Now as he went away on tiptoe, I said, "Thank God, he is not suspicious, which is certainly a sign of a noble nature." Though why I should wish to exalt or excuse him, I could not for my life tell.

CHAPTER XV.

LIGHT.

I saw no one that night before bedtime but Tim, and he came to bring my tea into the sitting-room, where he said Janet had ordered it to be served. Miss Arleigh was just as she had been all day, and was not able to see the Colonel, who had gone out for the evening—but would return, he said, early.

"Is Miss Arleigh rich, Tim?" I asked, abruptly.

Tim stared at me a moment in surprise, and then said,

"Faith is she. She's jist rowling in gould, as a body may say. There's a place in Westmoreland that's been in the family widout entail, as they call it, for more years nor you can count, and I have heard that it's as rich as a mine; her Londin property, and this house we're living in is worth something, as you may see. Yis, miss—she's rich enough, rich enough."

I sighed, for the thought of what a curse her wealth had been to her was bitter to me.

"Shall I sit wid ye a bit, miss?" asked Tim. "You're looking pale and miserable like, an' maybe a bit talk would cheer ye."

"Pray do, Tim," I answered eagerly, for my sleep in the window seat had made me nervous and wakeful.

He drew a stool after him up close to the hearth, and took up a poker as an excuse for raking the coals together and seeming employed as he talked.

"Do you think Miss Arleigh is very ill, Tim?" I asked.

"Yes, 'deed do I," he said; "this time of year never finds her well; an' yet, if you can see any raison for it, she niver spends this time of year any where but in this house."

"I don't understand you, Tim; why should this time of year be a hard time of year to her?"

"Jest bekase all the trouble of Miss Hester's flight, an' the young woman killen herself, an' the Colonel's desertin' her as he did, happened at this time o' year. Yis, miss, it's a black saison to her."

We talked on, and the gothic clock on the mantel told that it was getting late. By and by the great bell in the hall sounded, and in great haste Tim rose to answer it, while I remained listening for the step to recognize who it might be. It was Colonel Arleigh, as I might have known, and I heard him pause at his door and enter, after saying a few good night words to Tim, whom he seemed greatly to favor. The sounds died gradually away, and all the house was silent.

A strange dread had hung above me, like a threatening cloud, ever since the night of my illness, and now I would have given worlds for any companionship to break the horrible spell of this oppressive loneliness. I suppose if there had been any one with whom I could have taken refuge, worlds would not have tempted me to remain in that darkening room; but beside old Tim I had no friend in the house. The maids were sleeping, I knew not where, and Janet was with her mistress. I arose tremblingly and approached the door to turn the key in the lock; it seemed to move from me as I approached it, and I flew back to my seat at the hearth in breathless terror. I stood a moment to convince myself that it was fancy, and then determinedly went forward and locked it. My heart beat furiously, but I struggled against the fear that harrowed me, because I saw no escape from it. I sat down again, and, like a crowded picture, all that had happened of late gathered before me. Prominent in all rose Rachael's form, and her sweet, mild eyes beamed full of strengthening love upon me, and gave me hope. "Dear Rachael, blessed Rachael," I murmured, and the warm tears swelled in my eyes and rained over my face. I fell into a calmer mood then, and a happy thought of the reward of such a patient, hopeful life as hers, filled my soul. A long time must have gone by, as I sat thus. I may have dozed, and then awoke again. I cannot possibly say now; but if I slept I must have dreamed of Rachael; for, sleeping or waking, she was in my mind all that time. So thoroughly was I imbued with her presence that I seemed to speak to her. "Rachael, my sister," I said, softly, "be with me, be my hope, my guardian angel in this dreary house!" A faint, cold wind seemed to sigh past me, and a deadly, icy weight seemed to settle on the air. An awful silence reigned every where. I could hear my own breathing loudly audible; my flesh seemed to rise from my bones, and a solemn sense of the presence of some one dear but divided by death fell upon me. Rachael—it was she! First I saw her eyes, pure and luminous, beaming down on me; then the outline, faint and wavering, of her figure, came and went, like a shadow dying away in light.

Something, that I can find no words even now to convey an idea of, spoke to me through those eyes. There was no word uttered to guide me, but I felt that the eyes were whispering, and I obeyed them.

Over against the wall there was a tall bookcase of bamboo canes, curiously wrought together; it was light in itself, but filled with books it was of such weight that I had never seen any one move it. Towards this the eyes seemed to motion me. I took the sides of it in my hand, and it rolled easily away, leaving a small door, which I opened and stepped into utter darkness. I did not know any fear now. The beautiful eyes that guided me seemed to destroy all sense of it, and so I went on; only a few steps further and I stopped before another door. I opened it with difficulty; but it yielded at last, and when it gave way I stood in a flood of light. So dazzled was I by it, so completely unnerved and powerless, that *I stood* without realizing whence it came for a moment or two, and took in the scene without a knowledge of its meaning.

A great, gorgeously furnished room, something like Miss Arleigh's, with a high canopied bedstead, shrouded in a cloud of laces, and they all a-blaze. A woman's figure going hurriedly around it, setting a burning wax taper to it everywhere, and as she did so glaring like a fiend of vengeance on the face of the sleeper, of whose bed she was making a funeral pyre.

While I stood, spellbound, I could see his face; it was bravely lighted up by the burning silk and muslin that surrounded it, and I can never forget the quiet smile that circled round the mouth, or the graceful fall of rich dark hair that lay upon his pillow. The wood of the bed crackled, and with a yell loud enough to wake the dead I sprang forward, and dragged Colonel Arleigh out of the flames. He must have been a heavy sleeper, for it seemed impossible to rouse him, though I shook him madly and screamed in his ear like a maniac. I felt a strength I never dreamed of enter my frame, and, unconscious as he was, drew him from the bed, and strove to rouse him by throwing up the window for air; it was tightly fastened. I ran to the other, it was equally immovable. I tried the door, it was locked, and the place I entered by I could not find. Then I saw Miss Arleigh laughing shrilly at my futile strivings, and pointing to the helpless figure that lay still

FASHION IN 1764. THE SEDAN CHAIR.

[SEE ARTICLE ON EIGHTH PAGE.]

unconscious on the hearth. She was not in her mind—I could see that at a glance. Her eyeballs gleamed like fire, and her gestures were those of a lunatic. She showed no astonishment at my presence, but laughed at me.

We'll all die together, little one," she cried. "I have lived like a slave fearing death for twenty years, and now I am bold and brave, and laugh at it because I have such good company, such good company."

A feeling of desperation took possession of me. I looked about me in searching agony. A great picture hung against the wainscoat opposite the bed. I rushed towards it and dragged it aside; under it was the door I could not find, and seizing the heavy sleeper I drew him towards it—Miss Arleigh sprang upon me, and wrestled like a demon to prevent my design; but somehow I felt that nothing could conquer me, and I beat her aside into the smoke and flames that were almost overpowering. From the moment I made the discovery, I had never ceased calling for aid, and now the hurry of footsteps and cries in the passage, showed me that I was heard. The door was beaten against violently from without.

"The key, quick, get the key," I cried.

Miss Arleigh shook her hand at the impotent knockers.

"Ha, ha, you may beat away," she shrieked. "You may beat away."

The next moment I had dragged my burden through the dark passage into my room; then I ran to open the door, for Tim and two or three of the Colonel's attendants to rush in at, and then to stand appalled before the tongue of flame that came licking the walls, through the little door behind the book-case.

"The house is on fire; quick, for your lives, save Miss Arleigh," I yelled.

They ran away, all but Tim, who, seeing Colonel Arleigh like a dead form on the floor dressed in the dressing robe and slippers in which he had seen him throw himself on his bed as he left him, ran to him and dragged him out into the hall, where the air was colder, thinking to break the strange stupor in which he seemed plunged. Leaving them, I ran back to the chamber where I had left my poor wild mistress. In a great gust of stifling heat and blinding smoke, I found myself swathed and whirled about as it where, and beating it down with my hands as it rose to overwhelm me, I strove to feel for the figure I knew must be there; but choking and struggling I lost all power at last, and sank back into a deep black pit, it seemed to me, and knew no more.

I came to my senses in a little room that I had never been in before. It was simply furnished, and had a little white curtained window, into which the sun streamed brightly. I felt stiff and sore at first, but presently I raised myself, and found my arms were bound up, and my shoulders swathed in wrappings; these and a sense of pain recalled the fire. Over all the house a fearful stillness rested, and wild to know what had happened, I conquered the pain I became conscious of, and went out into the hall. It was in the other part of the house from where I had ever been that I awoke, and I had only gone a few steps when I met Janet. She was more changed since I had seen her last than I ever knew any one to be by lengthened years. Any feeling in her nature was intense, and the settled grief that was carved into her stony face was awful now to look upon. She did not utter a word, but simply looked at me, and I felt that her mistress was dead, as surely as if I had seen her corpse. How, or when, I did not dare to ask.

"Come with me," she said, "if you are able to walk."

I followed her to the other wing of the house, and saw as I past the blackened corridor that the main part of the front had fallen in like a ruin. It was at the door of another room entirely new to me that we stopped, and Janet knocked, and immediately afterwards entered. On a bed, in the centre of the apartment, lay Colonel Arleigh, very white and changed, with his eyes partly closed and a strange dilation in each of their pupils. He glanced towards us, and Janet coming close to the bed, said—

"Colonel Arleigh, can you hear and understand me? Strive to do so, for this is the last time you will ever hear me speak. The Arleigh estates are yours, and you will only have to yield a few inches in Westmoreland to lay the heap of ashes in that I have gathered together in the dark room yonder. You were anxious to find Hester's child. I have found her for you. Do you know what I say."

He bent his head, but did not speak, and fastened his eyes upon her face as if he held it before him by main force.

"Miss Arleigh hated Hester—she was bitter in her hate, as the poor Indian wretch you wronged had reason to know; one victim was not enough, and so she sought another; failing to find Hester, she searched for her child. I saved it by swearing it was dead—and by-and-by I believed it was. The child lived, and through the same mysterious power that brought that one woman's ashes to lie in the same room where she had stabbed and strangled another, she came to live here. I have brought her to you now. And I can bring the gipsy Hab to prove that she is Hester's child; and that she lived with her mother, who had gone to serve in a fortune-teller's house, who lent her disguises, and aided her to trace you. She it was who shut at you—but do not start, she cannot harm you now. All the women whose hopes you blasted in this house, are dead—Hester, Anne, Rachael, and the Indian girl,—here is the only tie left of that old time. There may be hope for you; and if there is, she holds it in the hands that saved your life by dragging you from the flames."

Shall I, a poor outcast child as I used to be, dwell upon the splendor that now surrounds me; shall I tell of the daily blessing it is to me, to be the friend and companion of one whose very faults to me are trivial, and whose kindly graces are an enchanting charm. I have been very happy since that dreadful time. Happy in the knowledge that I can serve and amuse him—happy in the feeling that duty is so pleasant to me.

My father is not so young-looking, by more years than he has seen since the night Miss Arleigh died; but he has not, as was thought at first by the physicians, suffered from the powerful opiate with which the wine, by his bed-side, was drugged that night; but he is quiet and thoughtful, and has different pleasures now.

I have seen, but never spoken with Janet since then. In the thick woods down by the park, there is a tomb where many an Arleigh sleeps, and there they took the ashes she had gathered from the ruins as she said.

I have always thought I owed my life to her, for no one knew of my being in the burning room, and she must have found me, when she was groping for her poor lady.

Down in the shadows of the tall trees, I see her figure glide around the mausoleum of the race, with a gipsy cloak about her, and her black hair hanging free—for she has gone back to her people, and lives a woodland life.

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SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

We call special attention to an article in our present number from an English authority, relative to schools for girls. If the counsels of that article are needed in England, how much more in the United States! Within a few years past much attention has been drawn to this matter of physical education, and yet how outrageously defective our system of education continues to be! Everything for the mind—nothing for the body—and, as an inevitable result, the mind itself suffering because of the weakness and want of culture of the physical powers. In the country, so far as *boys* are concerned, it is not so bad. The boys have sufficient farm work, riding, &c., to make them physically vigorous, and are not sent to school constantly. But, in the cities, and with girls in the country, how many children are growing up with feeble constitutions owing to our miserable, one-sided system of education. Why, the heathen Greeks, over two thousand years ago, understood this matter of education better than we do, who think ourselves the foremost men of all this world. To be sure they were fortunate in living so long before the invention of printing, as not to be weighed down and burdened with the history and languages and wisdom of a dead Past, until all their originality was crushed out of them. They were fortunate in not being taught from early youth to look at everything through other men's eyes, and thus had a chance of looking through their own.

But what is gained, if you give a growing girl all the learning of the schools, and ruin her health? Or suppose that all you give her is, as is usual, a mere smattering of knowledge, how sad to purchase such a superficial show of learning at so great a cost!

The present arrangements of our schools are about as follows: When there is one session, the children go in the morning at about 8½ or 9 o'clock, and are released about 2 P. M. Then, after dinner, they have long lessons which employ a considerable portion both of the afternoon and evening. When there is an afternoon session at the school, of course things are worse.

Now our plan would be something like this. A morning session from 8½ to 1 o'clock—of which 4½ hours, at least an hour should be devoted to such studies as are now committed to memory at home. Then there should be an afternoon session every day, devoted to physical exercise, in doors or out of doors, according to the weather. The boys should have gymnastics, military drill, and the usual boyish games after the regular physical exercises were over. The girls should have light gymnastics, including calisthenics, dancing with music (for those whose parents have no conscientious objection), and the usual active games afterwards.

At least two hours every afternoon should be given to these physical exercises. The music lessons might come in before or after school in the morning, or after the session in the afternoon. Then one to two hours in the evening, according to the age of the pupil, might be devoted to committing lessons to memory. These lessons should be short, but they should be perfectly learned and perfectly understood. And with all the studies, it should not be so much of an object as it is now *to get the children through*, but to see that what they profess to learn they thoroughly understand and know.

The English people have a very high opinion of Eton, and others of their schools for boys. And yet, as a late official report shows, the pupils at these schools acquire very little knowledge either of the mathematics or the classics, the chief and often the only studies. But the boys do learn to row, to play cricket, to take care of themselves if others attempt to impose upon them, and thus develope into strong, sturdy, active men, with manly and vigorous characters, and with a smattering of Greek, Latin, and the mathematics into the bargain.

Their physical powers and what we call CHARACTER are thus developed—two things which compare, for all the purposes of life, with a knowledge of the classics and the mathematics, as a live tree compares with a half-dead one. The day that Eton and its brother schools are reformed, and made cloisters where sickly young gentlemen lose half their manhood in poring continually over Euclid and mumbling unknown tongues, will be a sad day for England.

The culture of the intellect, the acquisition of knowledge, though good things, are not the highest objects to be sought in education. A Sound and Vigorous Mind in a Sound and Vigorous Body is tenfold more important. Such a Mind in such a Body will acquire knowledge as it needs it. This is true alike of boys and girls. But for girls especially, a sound mind in a sound body is emphatically the one thing needful for themselves, for their sphere, for the world. No one-sided culture of the mere Intellect, no paltry accomplishments should be suffered to compete with this. What gift of Intellect, what mental accomplishment, can make up for the want of the rounded limbs, the well developed form, the sparkling eye, the glowing cheek? Nature, in the heart of every man, has written the superiority of these, that he may find his pleasure in what is most pleasant to her, and most conducive to the onward progress and the highest development of the race.

MR. GREELEY'S SPELLING.

D'Israeli the elder once published a very interesting book on the "Curiosities of Literature." There is always plenty of material for such a book. Genius, in its very nature, is often erratic, like the comet's course; at other times it is harmonious and regular, like the movements of the spheres. Now Horace Greeley is a genius in his way, and is at present engaged in writing a history of the war—*the* war. And his publishers, the other day, published a letter of Mr. Greeley's,—an autograph letter, addressed to his countrymen—which letter plainly proves that Mr. Greeley, with all his genius, either does not know how to write, or else how to spell. For instance, he spells *resulting resulting*, was, either *roor* or *wos*, necessarily *necessorily*, prepared *brepared*, pressure *fressure*, honestly *honestly*, endeavored *endeavored*, presentment *fresentment*, &c. Other words are spelled so badly that it is almost impossible to make out what idea the writer really meant to convey. Even when it comes to what is evidently meant to be his own name at the bottom of the scrawl—*scrawl* indeed!—we find the words, as near as we can decipher them, Havoce Greeley, which evidently must stand in the deplorable confusion of the writer's mind, for Horace Greeley.

"See, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed!" said the great Swedish chancellor. See, reader, how works of history are written! say we. Mr. Greeley furnishes the nest-egg, as it were, and gets the glory. But the obscure type-setters, proof-readers, and publishers, who take the rough, illegible, horribly-spelled scrawl, and make out of it a clear, legible, handsome volume of history, they who do so much of the hardest work, are neglected by the superficial world. Doubtless, before Mr. Greeley's work is completed, five or six poor fellows will have lost their sight, and as many more gone distracted over his abominable manuscript. We know that Mr. Greeley had broken with the Typographical Union, we now see that he has determined to consign a fair proportion of them to blind poverty and early graves. And yet Mr. Greeley has the reputation of being a philanthropist! Such is life—and such the curiosities of modern literature. Brethren, let us reflect upon these things, and see if we cannot all of us improve in our writing and spelling.

TWO OPINIONS.

The *London Times* is nothing if not positive. It not only can see into a grindstone as far as any of its neighbors, but has the habit of telling what it sees. This would be unfortunate if its readers had better memories or less faith—but, as it is, it gets along very comfortably with them. The following quotations would read well at about four years distance—read together they have a singular effect on the muscles of the mouth:—

[*From the London Times of Nov 26, 1860.*]

It is evident, on the smallest reflection, that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North. A few hundred slave-owners trembling nightly with visions of murder and pillage, backed by a dissolute population of "poor whites," are no match for the hardy and resolute population of the free states.

[*From the London Times of Sept. 14, 1864.*]

We trust the public will admit that they have not been misguided by our comments on this obstinate contest. The great fact which we asserted from the first has now been placed beyond reach of controversy. We said that the North could never subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion!

EXPRESSIVE.

At a recent trial in New York, a German was on the stand, testifying as to the character of a certain house of entertainment. The following portion of his testimony is rather expressive:

"He had heard noises down in the basement 'twice times three and once a week: Sometimes he (prisoner) shoot with a pistol, three or four times.' Then there 'was dancing, singing, and fighting,' and 'vons nicht he shoots three pistols through dor winder at me and mine boarders.' On his cross-examination he was asked to give dates, when out came a regular reporter's note-book, with day, date and hour for all the assertions he made. For instance, the following entry was read:—'August 5th—veery noise, poosty shampers, ragapends, womens fighting, quarrelling—ral thou and tams and tevils.'"

As the reporter well says, Thomas Carlyle could not get off a more emphatic and expressive sentence than that last one.

MOSEBY.

Every now and then we have accounts of the doings of this active rebel partisan. Gen. Lee says, in a recent report:—

"With the loss of little more than twenty men, he (Moseby) has killed, wounded and captured, during the period embraced in his report (rather over six months) about twelve hundred of the enemy, and taken more than sixteen hundred horses and mules, two hundred and thirty beef cattle, and eighty-five wagons and ambulances, without counting many small operations. The services rendered by Colonel Moseby and his command, in watching and reporting the enemy's movements, have also been of great value. His operations have been highly creditable to himself and command."

Yes, and highly discreditable to us. Why does not the Secretary of War put a cavalry regiment at the command of some active partisan on our side, say Montgomery of Kansas, and tell him to do nothing else but pay attention to Moseby for awhile. We think Montgomery would take the shine out of him in a few months.

HAMILTON, THE ARTIST.

Mr. James Hamilton, one of our Philadelphia painters, is a man of undoubted genius, and we are glad to know that his fame is spreading further and further every year. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* thus alludes to him and several of his works:—

"Philadelphia possesses in James Hamilton an artist whose reputation should be far more extended than it is. Hamilton is not merely a skillful copyist or imitator, but a man of unusual originality and genius. In the Academy of Fine Arts are two of his most charming pictures, 'Sunrise' and 'Moonrise,' the former rich in light, the latter an exquisite study of a dark willowy pool, with the moonlight pouring through the branches of the trees, and diffusing itself over the scene.

"Mr. Hamilton has a studio in the suburbs of the city, and it contains about a hundred pictures of all sizes. About forty of them are sketches or large pictures of Niagara, taken last summer from various points of view. Some of them are well finished pictures, and several of them show that the artist has the power to delineate on canvas the great cataract in a style which neither Church nor Gignoux have surpassed. In no other picture I have seen, has the *immense grandeur* of Niagara been so remarkably transferred to canvas. The forty sketches or studies have only to be finished and brought before the world to form a 'Niagara gallery' which would astonish and delight every lover of art.

"Lately, Mr. Hamilton has devoted much attention to marine painting, in which line, since the death of Van Beest, we have had but few great painters. Among his pictures is one of 'The Mersey at Liverpool,' exhibiting singular power. In more imaginative works also this admirable artist exercises his ability. Among his works is a large painting, suggested by a Philadelphia merchant, by whom it is owned. The subject is the scene in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' almost sketched by words in the lines:

"'As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

"A large ship of the time of Henry VIII.—a galleon decorated and bedizened with gold and color, but now decaying and rotting away—is floating on the too placid waters. Far off to the right is seen the 'land of mists;' while overhead the brazen sky glares down upon the faded grandeur of the desolate ship. No other object breaks the utter repose of the scene, excepting the faint outlines of water demons, which at first would hardly be noticed.

"Mr. Hamilton is painting, for the same gentleman, 'The Delectable Mountains,' a work, of course, of a directly opposite character; but a more glorious realization of those majestic hills it were difficult to imagine. Let him who has been among the Alps recall their most beautiful outlines, their most graceful slopes, their most ruddy peaks, and then fling around all a soft, delicious atmosphere, and he will have some idea of this most beautiful picture.

"It would be out of place in a mere newspaper letter to enter into any elaborate criticism of this artist. His pictures should be seen in New York. I only hope this letter may direct the attention of artistic visitors to Philadelphia to them. Perhaps, then, some one will give to his pictures—and many of them, painted apparently in a great hurry, are certainly very open to criticism—a more capable and worthy review than can be done by me."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE. By BELLA Z. SPENCER. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. We gave a hasty notice of this work several months ago. Now it comes to us in a second edition, in far better style, with the name of another publisher on the title-page. That it should have passed into a second edition, is of itself sufficient proof that "Ora" is a work of much interest. And in fact the interest of the story never flags from the first page to the last. The action is sometimes rapid, always steady, and the author never seems to be writing to fill up her pages, which is so common and abominable a failing now-a-days even in novelists of the highest reputation.

But putting aside this merit which we regard as no slight one—for, as the author of "Lacon" says, "if you cannot put fire into your works, you had better put your works into the fire"—"Ora" has higher claims to our consideration. The characters are well and clearly drawn—the gentlemen particularly. The author evidently has a keen eye for the merits and defects of the masculine portion of creation. Harry Clifton, his father, Theodore Raymond, and the husband of the heroine are all well individualized. The female characters are not deficient in this respect—"Ora" herself being very well drawn throughout—but it seems to be more natural that a lady should succeed in depicting her own sex, and therefore we wonder less at it.

A more careful reading of the text for any subsequent edition, would lead to the correction of several typographical and grammatical errors; and the omission of the dedication—dedications, if not just the thing, being altogether not the thing—would in our opinion also be an improvement.

In conclusion we may say that "Ora" abounds with noble and generous sentiments; and though the heroine does not profess to be an altogether perfect character, probably her readers will like her none the less because she manifests occasionally the faults of a loving but high-spirited woman.

NARRATIVE OF PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS OF UNITED STATES OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHILE PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE REBEL AUTHORITIES. This is the Report of a Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the United States Sanitary Commission. An Appendix contains the Testimony. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS. From the London Saturday Review. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Worth reading.

EMILY CHESTER. A Novel. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. There is a likeness of Richter prefixed to this volume—a noble face and head.

The Rebel Prisoners at Elmira.

If, after reading the account furnished by the committee appointed by Congress of the treatment of prisoners now held in the South, any traveller shall be passing through Elmira, it will be worth his while to take the omnibus and go out to the rebel prisoners' camp, some half mile from town. In the middle of an extensive level plain, unobstructed to the eye in any direction, and with a good road past the very gate, is the prison in which from ten to twenty thousand rebel prisoners are confined. It consists of a large quadrangle, surrounded by a strong, close, board fence, from eighteen to twenty feet high, perhaps hardly so much. About four feet from the top of this is a platform or board walk, properly supported and protected, going round the entire prison yard, and on which sentinels pace up and down the whole time, so that they can see everything transpiring in the yard. There are sentinel boxes at convenient distances along the entire parapet, where the guards can be partially protected from the weather and see all that is going on in the yard without being seen. Within this enclosure, embracing several acres, are large, comfortable, whitewashed, wooden barracks and tents, sufficient effectually to protect all the prisoners. No visitors are, of course, allowed access of any kind to the prisoners, except under particular circumstances. Many, however, are liberated daily on taking the oath, where there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the applicant: and friends of the prisoners are allowed to furnish them with reasonable sums of money, and to converse with them in the presence of an officer sometimes. They have all as much as they can eat of the best, and are warmly and comfortably clad, where necessary, we suppose, at the expense of the United States. There are hospital buildings for the sick, and comfortable sleeping-room arrangements. At the entrance is the office of the officer of the guard, and extra sentinels are carefully stationed. In the fields adjacent is a force of two or three thousand men, with artillery and everything in readiness instantly to put down any insurrectionary attempts on the part of the prisoners, while at the same time the force is being drilled into the military art daily. But the prisoners see only the sentinels.

On the opposite side of the road, probably three or four hundred feet from the prison, one or two observatories have been erected by private individuals, three or four stories high, temporary edifices, but commanding a full view of the prison yard and its inmates. Once or twice individuals have been found making signs to the prisoners from these erections, a matter about which the government is justly very particular. Arrests have been made of persons found thus holding clandestine correspondence with the enemy. But otherwise the public are permitted to see all that can be seen from the buildings.

When it is considered that such are the accommodations, not of the officers but of the common soldiers of the rebels held as prisoners, and all this is compared with the treatment our soldiers receive when they fall into rebel hands, the contrast is striking indeed. Clean the whole camp is compelled to be. But besides this there is an appearance of ease and contentment, not to say happiness, about these prisoners that would make the traveller suspect they liked their present quarters far better than marching and fighting on Southern rations. We have no doubt it is so in many cases. Certain it is, that their guards, while very strict and firm, are also very obliging to the friends of any of the prisoners in their charge. To some it may seem that as the condition of such treatment, we ought to exact an equal consideration for our men when captured. But how to make any arrangement advantageous to our prisoners is the difficulty. The rebels think by cruelty to destroy so many of our soldiers, and exchange them only when sufficiently broken down to be no longer dangerous. We cannot retaliate by murdering hosts of prisoners in cold blood, although they would feel the loss more than we shall. Perhaps we gain as much as it is, from the numbers who, won by our humanity, take the oath and sincerely observe it. Even those who do not become much softened, lose much of their pugnacity and prejudice.—*Public Ledger.*

☞ The principal hotels at Washington have raised the price of board to four dollars and a half a day, notwithstanding the recent decline in the price of provisions.

☞ Jackson Haines, the American skater, whose departure for Europe was announced not long ago, has issued a challenge to the skaters of England.

☞ Several of the London theatres have been opened for religious worship on Sundays. The effort has been attended, so far, with considerable success.

☞ CAROLINE IV OR BORN SLAVE.—Five Federal officers dishonorably expelled from his army by Gen. Sherman, and sent into the rebel lines, for speaking disrespectfully of the Government of the United States, in the presence of the enemy, on their arrival in Richmond, were put in prison to be confined during the war, for fighting against their principles!

☞ Sydney Smith one day, observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, on the panel of which appeared a "B," surmounted by a coronet, said to a friend: "There goes a carriage with a bee outside and a wasp within."

☞ There are 80 people in Great Britain who have an income yearly of over a quarter of a million of dollars.

THE "POOR WHITES" OF THE SOUTH.

FROM "DOWN IN TENNESSEE, AND BACK BY WAY OF RICHMOND," BY EDMUND KIRKE.

Professor Cairnes, in his very valuable and generally accurate work on the Slave Power, (pages 54, 55,) says:

"In the Southern States no less than five millions of human beings are now said to exist in a condition little removed from savage life, eking out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder. Combining the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *proletaire* of civilized communities, these people make up a class at once degraded and dangerous; and constantly reinforced as they are by all that is idle, worthless and lawless among the population of the neighboring States, form an inexhaustible preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition. * * * Such are the 'mean whites,' or 'white trash,' of the Southern States. * * * This class comprises, as I have said, five millions of human beings—about seven-tenths of the whole white population."

This opinion of Professor Cairnes is no doubt held by fully nineteen-twentieths of the people of the Northern States and of England. But it is a great—a very great error. Having read of, or seen, the wretched specimens of humanity who loiter about the railway stations, or hover around the large plantations on the great Southern thoroughfares, they have jumped to the conclusion that they represent "seven-tenths of the whole white population" of the South! The very idea is preposterous—for if it were so, one-half of the Southern people would be paupers, and no community could exist which had to support that proportion of non-producers. But it is not so. The great mass of "poor whites" are superior (and I say this with due deliberation, and after sixteen years' acquaintance with them) to every other class of uncultivated men, save our Northern farmers, on the globe. They *all* were born in this country, and have imbibed from our institutions—distorted and perverted as they are at the South—a sturdy independence, and an honest regard for each other's rights, which make them, though of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, or English descent, better soldiers, better citizens, and better *men*, than the over-worked, ignorant, half-starved, turbulent, and degraded peasantry of Europe.

There *is* at the South such a class as Mr. Cairnes speaks of. They are appropriately called "mean trash," and "eke out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder," but they are a comparatively small class. The census shows that they cannot number above half a million.

These people do combine "the restlessness and contempt for regular industry peculiar to the savage, with the vices of the *proletaire* of civilized communities," are "at once degraded and dangerous," and form a "preserve of ruffianism, ready at hand for all the worst purposes of Southern ambition." In fact, I was about to add that *all* the ruffianism of the South is confined to them and to the "chivalry," but I will not say it, for it would not be strictly true.

To give the reader an idea of what these "mean whites" are, I will glance for a moment at their habits and ways of living. Often their houses are the rude pole wigwams of the Indian—shaped like a sugar-loaf—with merely a hole at the top to let the smoke out, and—the rain in; but generally they live in small huts of rough logs, through the crevices of which the wind, in winter, whistles a most melancholy tune. These huts are floored with nothing but the ground—hardened with mauls, and hollowed at the centre, as if to hold the rain that comes in at the roof—and their one apartment is furnished with a few rickety chairs, a pine log—hewn smooth on the upper side, and made to serve as a sofa—a cracked skillet, a dirty frying-pan, an old-fashioned rifle, two or three sleepy dogs, and a baker's dozen of half-clad children, with skins and hair colored like a tallow candle dipped in tobacco-juice. In one corner may be a mud oven, half crumbled back to its original earth, and in the others two or three low beds, with corn-shuck mattresses and tattered furnishings; but the whole aspect of the place reminds one strongly of a tolerably-kept swine-sty or dog-kennel. The character of the inmates of these hovels is suited to their surroundings. They are indolent, shiftless, and thieving; given to whiskey-drinking, snuff-dipping, clay-eating, and all manner of social vices.

Their indolence is almost past belief. They are literally "too lazy to come in when it rains." A traveller tells of asking shelter at one of their shanties in a storm. The rain was pouring in at the roof, and the family were huddled about the only dry spot on the floor.

"Why don't you mend your roof?" the traveller asked.

"Stranger," replied the host, "we can't do it—it rains."

"But it doesn't always rain—why not mend it in dry weather?"

"Why, wh—what's the use o' mendin' it when it doan't leak?" was the very sensible reply.

Still, they have a mortal antipathy to water. They never take it outwardly, unless the roof leaks, or they are caught in a rain-storm, and never inwardly, unless it is mixed with apple-jack or whiskey. Whiskey is their staple beverage. By exchanging deer or other game (their only currency) at some cross-road doggery, they obtain plentiful supplies of a vile fluid, which is compounded of logwood, strychnine, juniper-berries, and alcohol, and "circulates" among them under the appropriate name of "Tangle-foot," "Bluerain," "Red-Eye," "Bust-head," and "Knock-'em-stiff." If the vender of this vile stuff did not dilute it freely with water—so freely that it rarely fails to itself "get tight" in cold weather—the race of "mean Southern whites" would soon be swept from the earth. As it is, they seem to thrive and fatten upon it; old men, dozing away in the chimney-corner, and little children, tottling about the floor, drink it as if it were water.

A Northern man was once forced to dine at one of these hovels. Missing the customary "whiskey-keg" from the table, he said to the housewife:

"Can't you give me a mug of Knock-'em-stiff?"

"I can't, stranger," was her reply: "I hain't nary drap for spear!"

"*None to spare!* Why I see a barrel of it there in the corner!"

"A barr'l uv it!" exclaimed the woman, "why, what's thet fur a lone widder an' sevin chillen? We shall be nation dry 'fore winter's over!"

Not one in a thousand of these people can read, and not one in *ten* thousand can write. I have known many who never saw a book or a newspaper, and some who never *heard* of a Bible or a spelling-book. As a consequence of such ignorance, they have very crude notions of God and religious duty. * * * *

To these "mean whites," Mr. Cairnes's description appropriately applies, and it applies *only* to them. The great mass of poor whites, as I have said, are a very different people. The *poor* white man labors, the *mean* white man does not labor; and labor marks the distinction between them. Labor makes one hardy, industrious and enterprising, a law-abiding and useful citizen; idleness makes the other thieving, vicious, law-breaking, and of "no sort of account" to himself or society.

The *laboring* whites comprise two-thirds of the free population of the South, and they have done more for its material progress than all its "chivalry" and all its slaves. They have done more, because they have worked under the stimulus of freedom, and because they vastly *outnumber* the other classes. The census shows that on the first of June, 1860, there were in the fourteen slave states, exclusive of Delaware, one million three hundred and fifty-nine thousand six hundred and fifty-five white males engaged in agricultural and other out-door employments. Of this number, nine hundred and one thousand one hundred and two are classed as "farmers"—men who till their own land; two hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and forty-six are classed as "farm-laborers"—men who till the land of others; and two hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and seven are classed as "laborers"—men engaged in out-door work other than the tillage of land. The "farmers" are not to be confounded with the planters—men who work large tracts of land and large bodies of slaves, but do not work themselves—for the census takes distinct account of the latter. *They* number only fifty-five thousand five hundred and fifty-eight, but—such has been the working of the peculiar institution—they own nearly three-fourths of the negroes and landed property of the South. These one million three hundred and odd thousand of laboring white men represent a population of about six million; and if we add to them the four hundred thousand represented by the planters, and the one million represented by men in trade, manufacturers and the professions, there can hardly remain, in a total population of less than eight million, "five millions of human beings, who eke out a wretched subsistence by hunting, by fishing, by hiring themselves out for occasional jobs, and by plunder." Half a million—the number I before stated—is vastly nearer the truth.

Little is known at the North of this large working population, for the reason that they live remote from the great travelled *routes*, and have been seldom seen by travellers. They are scattered over all the South, but are most numerous in the border states and in Texas. The most of them own small farms, and till the soil with their *own hands*. Some of them have one or two slaves, and in rare instances the more industrious have acquired ten or fifteen—but they work with the blacks in the fields, and treat them very much as our Northern farmers treat their hired workmen. Before the war the traveller in the interior of North Carolina would have heard the axe of master and man falling with alternate strokes in the depths of the evergreen forests, or he would have seen the two "camped out" together in the same tent or pine-pole cabin, drinking from the same gourd—the darky always after his master—eating from the same rude table, and sharing the same bed—the cabin floor—in common. So, too, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Western Virginia, and middle and upper Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, he would have seen the white and the black ploughing side by side, or, bared to the waist, swinging the old-fashioned scythe, in good natured rivalry as to which could cut the broadest swath of yellow wheat or waving timothy, or tote the biggest bundle of corn to the evening husking-bee. And when the evening had come, he would have found them gathered in the old log barn, *husking, and singing, and shouting, and dancing* in company, to the tune of "Ole Virginny," or "Rose, Rose, de coal black Rose," played by "old Uncle Ned," "who had no wool on the top of his head," but whose skinny fingers, with handy *blows, could* rap the music out of "de ole banjoes."

The more wealthy of this class sometimes give their children what might be called a fair common-school education, but fully one-half of them never learn to read or write. The reason of this is, there are no schools for the common people at the South. In a village, ten or twenty miles distant, there may be a pretentious "Female College," or "Institute of Learning for Young Men," where "a little Latin and less Greek" are dispensed to the young idea at the rate of four or five hundred dollars per annum; but these prices place their "stores of knowledge" far above the reach of the hard-toiling farmer. Only in Tennessee, so far *as* I know, are there any free schools, and the scanty state allowance, which formerly supported them, was dealt out with a most parsimonious hand by the ruling aristocracy. How much light these institutions gave the people may be guessed at from the fact that any one was qualified to instruct in them who could "read, write, and do sums in addition."

☞ He who, by his conduct, makes good friends on the one hand, and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.

☞ It became necessary to irrigate a rice field lately in Italy, and a syphon was used for the purpose, the water to be drawn from the river Adige, in which three boys were swimming. One of these coming too near the end of the syphon in the water, was sucked in and landed in the rice field on the other side, much to his astonishment! This is a story one may rely on.

☞ The poisonous character of the liquors sold at the present day was illustrated in the case of a negro who died at Philadelphia the other day of intemperance. A post-mortem examination was made, and when the abdomen was laid open it was found that by the direct action of liquor, the membrane lining the stomach had been corroded and eaten through. The mucous membrane of the viscera was so nearly destroyed that the victim may be literally said to be "eaten" by poisoned and "doctored" liquor.

☞ THE DIFFERENCE.—What is the difference between man and his mother earth? The latter shows its furrows in *spring*, the former his in autumn.

☞ Conscience is a monitor, but we fear the monitors in most bosoms are iron clad.

Saving Fuel.

On inquiry with a number of gentlemen, one ton of range coal is allowed for the cooking and washing purposes of the household for one month on an average during the year. This is double what it ought to be, and with coal costing at the time it is put into bins, including the necessary "kindling" of paper and wood, fifteen dollars a ton, amounts to ninety dollars a year. These statements are made as the result of experiments carried on under our own eye for the double pleasure of economizing and the greater one of knowing a thing personally for ourself and of being able to communicate the knowledge to others, to clergymen *for example* who are almost always too scantily paid and with whom one half the above amount is of very considerable importance. We obtained one of Fish's patent cooking lamps and have been using it for two seasons. A ton of coal was purchased on the 17th of June last; the next on the third of September, making two months and a half. Five was regularly kindled and kept burning for three days in the week for cooking, washing, ironing and bread baking, to wit, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; at other times the cooking for a family averaging ten persons was done with a gas lamp from Russell's establishment at 206 Pearl street, New York. The amount of gas used, *for cooking purposes only*, during that two months and a half, at $2 50 per thousand feet, was less than two dollars. The gas stove costs now $7.50, the largest size made being a No. four; it does all the cooking needed in a family, except baking bread, roasting meats and preparing pastries. Boiling water, boiling vegetables and frying meats can all go on at the same time. Bread can be toasted, and buckwheat or batter or other thin cakes are easily made. *It might be arranged for a great part of* the winter, that the range should be lighted for cooking every day's dinner, and use the gas or kerosene stove for breakfast, and thus, instead of having the range red hot from daylight until bed-time, it *really* need not burn longer than three hours; for who ever knew a servant who could cook or wash, or even make a cup of coffee for breakfast, without a red-hot stove. The difference between burning coal under such circumstances, three hours instead of sixteen, is not a small item. N. B.—Since writing the above, we chanced to call in at Mr. Russell's establishment, and have been exceedingly gratified to find that he has gotten up a family cooking stove, heated by kerosene or gas, at a cost of ten or twelve dollars each, which will roast ten pounds of beef, bake bread, pies, pastries, &c., with the greatest facility. In these days of costly fuel, this stove is a public godsend. Kerosene at one dollar a gallon will heat this stove for all necessary cooking purposes, at four cents an hour. The Flat Iron Heater is kept in operation for less than three cents an hour, and costs eight dollars—saving the suffocating heat of midsummer, which citizens have to endure on "ironing days."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ The following anecdote of the Iron Duke is recommended to the Secretary of War and of the Navy, who have spent enormous sums in fruitless experiments with new inventions. A man came to the duke: "What have you to offer?" "A bullet-proof jacket, your grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The duke rang a bell. An aide-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load with ball cartridge." The inventor disappeared, and was never seen again near the Horse Guards. No money was wasted in trying that invention.

☞ When the U. S. Government called upon the United States National Guard to rally round the flag for the period of one hundred days, many of the commissioned officers therein, while being intelligent in some things, were decidedly green in the mysteries of the military. The 49th Ohio National Guard, commanded by Colonel DeWolf, were ordered to report at Johnson's Island. One of the companies, upon disembarking, was ordered to fall in and march off by their captain, who did not know a single command, in this wise: "Choose partners, gentlemen, get in two rows, and march endways, as you did yesterday!"

☞ A "servant's school" is the very latest idea in London. In it girls are trained to household work, cooking, washing, ironing, and needle-work. They are also instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Admission is obtained partly by payment by friends, and partly by the nomination of benevolent persons.

☞ It is just 37 years since the telegraph was first put to practical test. Then it was considered a mere toy. In 1851, however, 7,000 miles were in operation. Since then, fully 200,000 miles of telegraph have been called into existence throughout the world. The wire has penetrated to almost every region of the world, braving all climates.

☞ A firm in Chicago paid as taxes in one year to the government nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

☞ A soldier in Madrid, Spain, was recently arrested for stealing a gold cup from a church altar. He alleged that he got it by a miracle; he was praying for assistance when the image of the Virgin handed him the cup. The civil court handed the case over to the Ecclesiastical court, who discharged the soldier, with a warning against the recurrence of such miracles.

☞ Bro. Morrill, of the Gardiner Journal, doesn't seem to have good luck in raising grapes and nurs'ng pigs, but his burdock crop is hard to beat.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ Two sons of R. W. Burton, of Kensington, Conn., were out hunting last Thursday, and having started a rabbit ran him into a hollow log, when the youngest boy put his hand in to haul out the quadruped. Very soon he felt something bite, or, as he thought, the scratch of the hare. The other now tried it, with a like sensation. In a few minutes the hands of both lads commenced swelling a tan alarming rate, and they started for the residence of a near neighbor, who dosed them with whiskey till each became thoroughly intoxicated. After recovering from the effects of the liquor the swelling gradually subsided, and both were soon convalescent. The next day the log was split open, in the presence of a number of persons, when, to the surprise of all, a large snake exhibited itself in all its native ferocity.

☞ In Paris they have contrived an apparatus to prevent cabmen from cheating. A new rate of fares, proportioned to the distance, has been adopted, and the distance which the carriage passes over is marked by a dial moved by one of the wheels.

☞ A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of champagne—still and sparkling.

Presence of Mind.

There is nothing like having one's wits about him in the hour of peril, to which end it is above all things necessary that people should cultivate a habit of keeping themselves cool, and facing small evils steadily. Some years ago, a lady bathing on the coast of Cornwall, got out of her depth and was carried out by the tide. The people on the shore were in a flutter, and did nothing to save her; but she herself knew that she could float, and so she threw herself on her back, determined to utilize her sole power to its utmost. A young shipwright, hearing what had happened, and being a strong swimmer, came down to the beach, stripped, and began to swim after her. After swimming upwards of a mile he came near her, but before touching he asked if she had presence of mind to do precisely what he told her to do, and promised, that on that condition, he would do his best to save her. She gave her promise, and the carpenter came close to her, told her to place her hands upon his hips, which she did, and then swam back with her towards the shore. Both of these people had their wits about them and were both saved.

The *Birmingham Daily Post* records an instance of coolness equal happy, though different in circumstances. A canal boat at Wolverhampton, was capsized on Monday, laying in the cabin the captain's wife and three children. To all appearance their death was certain, when a boat builder, seeing what had occurred ran into the water, and leaped on the bottom of the boat, at the same time sending a friend for his axe. As soon as he got it he placed his car close to the boat, and ascertaining where the woman and children were, set to work to cut through the timbers of three-inch oak, and in ten minutes made an opening through which a tiny hand immediately grasped the broken timbers. As the hold increased in size, more hands were held up, till at last the hole was wide enough to admit the egress of the baby ten months old. In twenty minutes from the occurring of the accident, children and mother were all rescued. The process of delivery was simple, but no one thought of it except the man who had his wits about him.—*English Paper.*

Setting up Carriages in London.

The reader must not suppose that all the countless chariots of every description, with their high-mettled horses, are the property of those who use them. The probability is that not one-fourth of them are so. Half fashionable London, and nearly the whole of professional London, ride in job carriages, or, if in carriages of their own, are drawn by job horses. The job-masters in London, of whom several keep very large establishments, are in possession of the very best draught horses in the kingdom, and, having extensive stable accommodation, are always ready for any species of contract that comes in their way. It is they who horse all the doctors' carriages, as well as the less pretentious vehicles of the professors of various denominations who minister to the wants or the fancies of the West End. They render the same service to a large section of the aristocracy, who find it much more convenient to job than to burden themselves with a stable establishment during the term of their residence in town. The charge for a single job-horse varies from sixty pounds to a hundred guineas a year, and of a pair, from a hundred pounds to a hundred and eighty, including their food and shoeing. The hirer has only to find the grooming, and is thus relieved from the plague of horse-dealing, and from the loss by disease or accident accruing to the animals, and consequently knows to a fraction what his equipage costs him.—*English Journal.*

Travelling in the Desert.

The mode of travelling in the Desert has so often been described, that I need do no more than add my tribute to its charms. There is no life to be compared to it; the air you breathe is an elixir. In the Desert we learn for the first time what hunger really is, and what depths of repose its fatigues can open to us. The Arabian heaven is indeed "poured upon our nights," and although the Arabian sun during the day may be a little too hot, yet the delicious coolness of the evening atones for the previous frizzle. Every incident, however trivial, is an excitement. A strange Arab, on his swift dromedary, is seen in the horizon, perhaps a spy from a hostile tribe—faint hopes of a skirmish, and a careful looking to pistols and fire-arms; a group of stunted shrubs indicating the presence of some "diamond of the Desert;" the comfortable encampment in the evening, so home-like that one leaves the very chicken bones the next morning with regret. All is delightful, strange, new, and exhilarating; and I sit down again by my sea-coal fire with a deep feeling of thankfulness that I have experienced the delights of Eastern travel.

☞ An editor having read in another paper that the use of a certain kind of tobacco, if a man smokes or chews, will make him forget that he owes a dollar in the world, innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

☞ Gen. Early, we believe, has been considered a hard drinker, but a *Little Sherry* on a recent occasion proved too much for him.

☞ Gen. Early is very fond of fighting, but Gen. Sheridan has at last given him his *Phil.*

☞ SHERIDAN'S MOTTO.—Fight *Early* and fight often.

☞ PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF FAITH.—It is a preposterous thing that men can venture their souls where they will not venture their money; for they will take their religion upon trust, but not trust a synod about the goodness of half a crown.—*William Penn.*

☞ There are a few preachers who recant, but a great many who cant.

☞ Whilst ordering the arrangements in front of your house, don't forget that a man is often judged by his gait.

☞ A Newark gentleman has a monster pear, raised on a standard tree in his garden, weighing two and a half pounds, and measuring fifteen and a half inches in circumference, and twenty around the length. Several other pears, weighing from a half to over a pound each, grew upon the same tree.

☞ A lad, sixteen years of age, named Lorenzo Newell, was accidentally shot at Woonsocket, R. I., on Monday. There was neither ball nor shot in the gun, but the wad and powder inflicted a mortal wound, he standing about four feet from the muzzle of the gun when it was discharged.

☞ A natural oil pen, in the rock, communicating with the sea by a small aperture, and filled with myriads of wriggling eels, has been discovered at Point Brulo, on the St. John river.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the James we have important intelligence. On Friday the enemy moved two divisions around to our right on Darbytown road, and attacked Kautz's cavalry in the intrenchments, and drove him back, with the loss of his artillery. The rebels then swept around towards General Birney, who awaited the attack and then repulsed it with heavy loss on the part of the enemy. Birney subsequently occupied the intrenchments which were taken from Kautz. We captured about one hundred prisoners. We hold the enemy in the inner line of intrenchments around Richmond.

In front of Petersburg everything remained quiet on Saturday. There had been no fighting during the week except slight skirmishing.

General Sheridan's army, on Friday, was still at Harrisonburg, and was receiving supplies regularly from Martinsburg. A letter in a Charleston paper of the 3d says that Longstreet relieves Early, and that the rebel army consists of 50,000 veterans.

Gen. Burbridge recently attacked Saltville, in West Virginia, and captured two redoubts and 150 prisoners and a large number of horses, mules and cattle. Finding the place strongly fortified, he withdrew during the night, leaving his wounded. The enemy pursued eight miles. Burbridge passed through Covington, Kentucky, on the way to Lexington.

The Charleston papers of the 29th report that the bombardment of the city during the previous day was unusually severe. A number of casualties occurred.

☞ A few days ago a report was circulated that, owing to the scarcity of rations served to the sentenced prisoners at Wheeling, they had been compelled, in the face of actual starvation, to catch and cook rats. The report coming to the ears of Captain Over, he went to the prison to institute an investigation. He soon learned that the boys really caught, killed, and cooked some rats. One of the guilty parties was called up, and upon being interrogated said that the boys had a curiosity to know how a young rat, being properly stowed, would taste. Accordingly several rats were caught and served up. "Well, how did they go?" asked the captain. The culprit replied, that to his taste there was very little difference between a rat and a young squirrel; and although he said the rations were sufficient, if no objection were interposed, he would like to have the privilege of cooking and eating rats when he felt like it.

☞ Dealers in hermetically sealed provisions are doing a great business this year in putting up green-corn in hermetic cans. At Saccarappa, Me., one firm are now turning out five thousand cans a day, and they intend to put up 200,000 cans during the season. They keep in employment one hundred men and girls.

☞ A real life must have a worthy aim. Men are not made to float with whatever current they chance to have been cast upon. Every individual is born with a life work before him. There is some variety here, and men are variously endowed to meet this state of things. At a proper age each should choose his particular calling, and having made the election, therewith be content. To fulfill this worthily he should devote an earnest life.

☞ A young woman in Jackson, Mich., has been carrying on the recruiting business in an original and highly peculiar manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone she marries another. Four men had she thus wedded and sent to the army. On the fifth occasion she was detected.

☞ John A. Lowell, of Boston, has made a regulation ball of silver, appropriately engraved, and valued at $150, to be contested for by the base ball clubs of New England, the winners to hold the ball till beaten.

☞ Many a woman would rather have a tubercle in her lungs than a pimple on her nose.

☞ Many a husband practices stern denial toward self—but only toward t'other self.

☞ The time that is gone we deem more pleasant than the time that is with us. Even to what diverts us at the present we give the name of pastime.

☞ Although the Devil is said to be the most powerful and formidable of created beings, it is safer to fight him than any other living thing.

☞ Lovers, like armies, generally get along quietly enough till they are engaged.

☞ The Richmond Whig says the rebels are now having their "annual streak of bad luck." When they get whipped it is all owing to bad *luck*, but when they whip us it is the result of their indomitable valor, of course.

☞ The Oxford Democrat tells of an old lady in Lovell—widow of Hannah Andrews—who has reared thirteen children, and has *two hundred and thirty-five descendants.* Verily, she has done what she could.

☞ A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh; by Jove, but I must," said the youth. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

☞ A Salem machinist has invented an automaton that will smoke a cigar just as natural as anybody. Every smoker should have one.

☞ A minister travelling through the West, some years ago, asked a lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only live up to it."

☞ A lady in a predicament—crossing the street, the mud ankle deep, the rain pouring down, her umbrella turned by the wind, and her hat blown off into a mud puddle.

☞ There exists a singular domestic fashion in Duchan, Germany. There the "*unterrocks*" (chemise) of the women will often be handed down and worn for three generations.

☞ The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

☞ The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

☞ Stubbs said to one of his debtors; "Isn't it about time that you paid me that little bill?" "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, "it's not a question of time, it's a question of money."

☞ "Paddy," said a wag, "your ears are too long." "Divil a bit or thrubble does that give me, but yours are too short altogither for the brayin' baste that yees be."

☞ "She isn't all that fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover: "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

BY THE RIVER.

We went wandering down through the wood-lands,
In the autumn—Alice and I.
How clearly before me that memory stands,
From the old times long gone by!

We pushed our way through the tangled wood,
Where the birch-stems glittered white,
Until close by the river-side we stood,
Where the rowan-berries hung bright.

All the brown woods were silent overhead;
There was never a breeze to quiver
The birchen boughs and the rowans red,
As they hung above the river.

The gold moss that clung on the gray rock's side,
Where only the moss could grow,
And the dark-green ferns dripping into the tide,
Lived again in the stream below.

And she twisted the berries into a crown
For her gleaming gold-bright hair;
And the face from the bank looked laughing down
At the face in the water there;

As if one of the wood-nymphs of olden days
Had strayed to the river-side,
To greet with her smiling and wondering gaze
A water-sprite under the tide.

Cold in her grave lies Alice now;
By the stream I stand alone;
And one gold lock from her dead white brow,
Is the dearest thing I own.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

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PART XLV.

HARD USAGE FOR DICK.

Do you remember the severe weather of the Christmas of 1860? How for once we had an old-fashioned Christmas Day, when the icicles hung bright and frozen from the trees, and the ponds were alive with skaters, after the manner of the Christmases we read of, of the days gone by. It was indeed a bitter winter, that at the close of 1860, and an unusual number of the poor and friendless, the sick and ailing, passed from its biting sharpness to a better world.

In the mind of one, it almost seemed as though he had held some mysterious provision of it; and that was Oswald Cray. When deliberating, the previous autumn, whether he should go to Spain himself, times and again had the thought recurred to him—what if we have a sharp winter?—how will Allister weather it? And now that the sharp winter, more terribly sharp than even Oswald dreamt of, had indeed come, he was thankful to have sacrificed his own self-interest. In that more southern climate, Allister would not feel the cold of this; and it almost seemed as if the thought alone brought to Oswald his reward.

"Isn't it stunning, Aunt Bett?"

You will probably recognize the words as likely to emanate from nobody's lips but Mr. Dick Davenal's. Mr. Dick had arrived for the holidays; rather against the inclination as well as the judgment of Miss Bettina, but she did not see her way in courtesy to exclude him. Leopold had been in town with her since October, she and Sara nursing him; so it would have been unkind to keep Dick at school alone for the holidays. Miss Bettina said London was a bad place for Dick; he would be getting out, and into all sorts of mischief; perhaps get run over, perhaps got lost; it was uncertain what; but Sara, in her love for the boy, promised to keep him in order and out of harm. A rash undertaking.

What of the Great Wheal Bang? The Great Wheal Bang was gone forever? It had passed out ignobly, never probably to be heard of as a mine again, except in name at certain law courts, to which some of its angry shareholders persisted in bringing it. Mr. Barker was abroad, and did not come home to face the storm; it appeared there was no law to force him home, the matters of the Wheal Bang escaped that; and he carried on a free-and-easy correspondence with some of the exasperated shareholders, who told him to his face in their answers that he deserved hanging.

And Mark Cray? Mark Cray was nowhere. The defunct company did their best to find him, but, try as they would, they could not discover his hiding-place. They assumed he was out of the country, most probably with Barker, and perhaps their home search was, through that very assumption, less minute than it might have been. A run from danger is always more formidable than a faced one; and if Mark Cray had only faced those shareholders he would no doubt have found their bite less hurtful than their bark. That they were loud, and threatening, and angry, was true; but Mark would have done well to meet the worst, and get it over. The luxurious house in Grosvenor Place had been long ago abandoned by Mark and his wife; and so temporarily had it been lived in, so fleeting had been the enjoyment of the carriages, the servants, the society, and all the rest of the accessories, that altogether that time seemed only like a dream.

"Isn't it stunning, Aunt Bett?"

Dick was standing at the dining-room window, his sparkling eyes devouring the ice in the streets, the tempting slides in the gutters. A young gentleman who was coming to the house with a small tray of meat upon his back had just gone down one beautifully, and Dick longed to go behind him. Leo stepped to the window to look, and thought he should like it too; but Leo was not in strong health, as Dick was.

"Isn't it what?" asked Aunt Bett, looking up quickly. "Raining?"

"Stunning," roared Dick.

"I wish you would learn to speak like a gentleman, Richard, and not use those expressions. If they do for school, they don't do for home."

"I have been oiling my skates this morning," continued Dick. "They are rather short, but they'll do."

"Oiling what?"

"My skates."

"What cakes?"

"Ska—a—tes, Aunt Bett. Everything will bear to-day."

"Nothing bears in London," said Miss Bettina. "You must not try it, Richard. A great many boys are drowned every winter in the Serpentine."

"What muffs they must be!" returned Dick; "Aunt Bett, the ponds would bear you, if you'd put on a pair of skates and try. They'd bear me a hundred times over."

"Would they?" said Miss Bettina. She turned to Sara, who was busy at the table, and pointed with her finger to indicate Dick.

"I will not have him go into this danger. Do you hear, Sara? *You* undertook to keep him out of harm if he came to us, so see to it. Perhaps the best plan will be to lock up his skates. I don't want to have him brought home drowned."

Dick was resentful. He might have broken into open rebellion but for fear of being sent back to enjoy his holidays at school. He sat in a sullen sort of mood, on the edge of a chair, his hands in his pockets clicking their contents about, and his boots beating time restlessly on the carpet.

"How it's all altered!" he exclaimed.

"How is what altered?" inquired Sara. They were alone then. Miss Bettina had gone from the room to give Leopold his eleven o'clock dose of strengthening medicine.

"Since Uncle Richard's time. Why! he bought me those very skates last winter, when that frost came in November. That is, he sent word to school that I might have them. And then we had no more ice at all! and Uncle Richard kept wishing through the holidays there might be some for us! *He'd* have let us skate."

Sara was silent. Things had indeed altered since then.

"It's an awful shame of Aunt Bett! The ice stunning thick, and a fellow can't enjoy it! Drowned! She might get drowned herself perhaps. But *I* shouldn't. Uncle Richard would have let us skate in Hallingham!" added Dick, excessively resentful. "He wanted us to skate."

"But I think it was a little different, Richard dear. Those ponds at Hallingham were not deep; and people do get drowned in the Serpentine. And there's nobody to go with you."

Dick tossed his head.

"Perhaps you think I want somebody! You had better send a nursemaid. Fine holidays, these are!"

A few minutes more of sitting still, and Dick could stand it no longer. He darted into the passage and snatched his cap. Sara, quick as he, caught him with the street-door in his hand.

"Dick, it must not be. You know I have answered for you to Aunt Bettina."

"All right, Sara. I'm not going near the Serpentine, or any other deep water."

"You promise?"

"Yes; on my honor. There! Why, I have not got my skates. I'm going up and down the street-slides; that's all. You can't expect me to sit twirling my thumbs all day in Aunt Bett's parlor, as Leo does."

She had no fear then. If Dick once gave his honor, or if put upon his honor, he could but be a loyal knight. Left to himself, no promise extracted from him, he would have decamped right off to the Serpentine, or to anything else mischievous and dangerous; but not now.

But Dick "took it out"—the words were his own—in street-slides. All the most attractive *rues-culs* within a few miles of home, Mr. Dick exercised his legs upon. It required a terrible amount of resolution to keep his promise, not to "go near" the forbidden water; and how long Dick stood in envy, his nose frozen to the park railings as he watched the streams pouring towards the ice, he never knew. He was not in a good humor; the slides were very ignoble pastime indeed, only fit for street-boys; and he thought if there was one gentleman more ill-used than another that day in all Her Majesty's dominions, that one was himself.

Mr. Dick stopped out his own time. He knew that he would be expected home about one o'clock to have something to eat; but as nothing had been expressly said to him, he took rather a savage pleasure in letting them expect, punishing his hunger. He saw a man selling hot potatoes; and he bought three and ate them, skins and all. Dick was not in the least troubled with proud notions: Leo would have looked askance at the tempting edible, and passed on the other side; Dick danced round the man's machine while he feasted, in the face and eyes of the passers-by. If Miss Davenal had but seen him!

Altogether, what with the slides, the hot potatoes, and the temper, Mr. Richard Davenal remained out long after dark. When he began to think it might be as well to return home, and to feel as if fifteen wolves were inside him fighting for their dinner, he was in some obscure and remote region of Chelsea, where the population was more crowded than aristocratic, and the ice abundant. Happening to cast his eyes to a clock in a baker's shop, he saw that it wanted but twenty-five minutes to six.

"My!" ejaculated Dick in his dismay. Miss Davenal's dinner-hour had been altered from six to five while the boys were with her, and Dick had certainly meant to be home to time. He had not thought it was so late as this. Dick's hair stood on end, and the wolves fought desperately.

"Suppose old Bett should say I shan't have any dinner!"

The shop next door to the baker's was a cook's shop—as they are called: and perhaps Dick's dreadful doubt caused him irresistibly to linger for a fond moment at the window and gaze at the attractions inside. Under Dick's very nose was a steaming mound of beef just out of the pot, some parsnips round it; other joints were there in plenty; peas-pudding, plum-pudding, sausages, and a whole host of things irresistible to a boy in Dick's famishing condition. He mechanically put his hand into his pocket, lest a stray sixpence might by some miracle be there. In vain. Dick Davenal was one who could not keep money for an hour, and his having sufficient to buy the potatoes was a fact notable.

Hurried as he was, he could not tear himself from the tempting shop. The shopman in a white apron, a great carving-knife and fork in his hand, was cutting thin slices from a cold round of beef and placing them in the scale on a piece of white paper. The balance went down, and he rolled the paper round the meat and handed it to the customer waiting for it, a young woman—or rather lady, for she looked like one—who wore a crape veil over her face. She gave him sixpence and some half-pence in return, but the man did not seem to like the sixpence; he held it close to the gas and then showed it to her, and she put her veil aside and bent her face nearer while she looked at it.

If ever Dick Davenal believed he was in a dream, he believed so then. He rubbed his eyes; he rubbed his frozen nose; he stared through the intervening steam; and he pinched himself to see whether he was awake. For that face was the face of his cousin, Mrs. Cray.

Dick could not believe his senses. The shopman apparently decided that the sixpence was a good one and put it in his till, and the lady had left the shop before Dick recovered his bewilderment. He had believed Mr. and Mrs. Cray were abroad. From a shrewd boy like Dick it was impossible to guard the secret that something was wrong; besides, he had heard of the failure of the Great Wheal Bang and that its promoters were away, abroad or somewhere.

But that was surely Caroline gone out of the shop with the paper of meat in her hand! Dick's spirit went down to zero. However *he* might condescend to the purchase of hot potatoes, and suchlike stray escapades, he did not like to see Caroline buy cooked meat and carry it away with her. Dick knew that something or other must be all wrong, and he suddenly felt as timid as Leo.

She crossed the road and went down a by-street, where the lights were scanty and the houses poor. Dick followed her. He saw how tightly her veil was drawn over her face; and she walked with her head down: it might be to keep out the cold, or to avoid observation.

She turned into a house on the left-hand side whose door stood open; a shabby-looking house, but sufficiently large. Dick, hardly certain in his own mind yet, deliberated whether he should follow her and show himself; and when he at length went to the door nobody was in sight. He took courage and knocked; and a woman came out of the parlor on the right.

"Is Mrs. Cray here?" asked Dick.

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Cray. She's just gone in."

"There's nobody here of that name. Who's Mrs. Cray? You have mistook the house, young man."

Dick had his wits about him, as the saying runs, and they were sufficiently alert to prevent his insisting on the point of its being Mrs. Cray. "I'm sure I saw some lady come in," said he.

Mrs. Marks came in a minute ago, for I met her in the passage. First floor, if you want her."

"Can I go up?" asked Dick.

"That's as you please," returned the woman, who was crusty enough to be first cousin to Mrs. Benn. "The other lodgers in the house is nothing to me, who goes up to 'em or who doesn't.

She retreated inside the parlor and banged the door. Dick stumbled up-stairs in the dark, the words "first floor" having guided him. Some light came in from a window on the landing and he distinctly heard Caroline's voice in the front room. Dick fashion, he burst in without knocking.

Caroline gave a short scream. She was untying her bonnet, and the paper of meat, slowly unfolding itself, lay on the table. It was a plain sitting-room, carpeted with drugget, a large sofa covered with dark blue stuff seeming to take up one side of it. A white cloth was spread on part of the table with some tea cups and saucers, a loaf of bread, and a piece of butter.

"Caroline, I was sure it was you!"

The first moment of surprise over, Caroline threw herself on a chair and burst into tears. Dick sat down opposite to her and stared round the room, staring off his bewilderment. Poor Dick was not possessed of any superfluous sentiment, and the sobs and emotion only made him feel awkward. The sight of a home face was too much for Mrs. Cray.

"Is Mark here?" Dick asked presently.

"No."

Dick glanced round again, but he could see no door except the one he had entered at.

"I'm sure I heard you talking to somebody, Caroline. It made me know which was the room."

"I was talking to myself. The words I said were 'I hope Mark will not be long,' and I suppose I spoke them aloud."

A few final sobs and the emotion passed. Dick was timid, almost nervous, and he never remembered to have been so in his life. A thought crossed the boy's mind of what his Uncle Richard would say, had he lived to see this curious state of things.

"Do you live here, Caroline?"

"Yes. We went away in the country for a little time at first; but it was so out of the way of hearing anything, so dull, so wretched, that we came back again. Mark thought it would be better to come pretty near to the old neighborhood; that there was less chance of our being looked for there than elsewhere."

"You don't have all the house."

"All the house!" echoed Caroline. "We only have this room and the use of the kitchen, which I hardly ever go down to. That sofa is a bed," she added, pointing to it. "Mark draws it out at night."

Dick felt more at sea than ever. "Has Mark got no money?"

Caroline shook her head. "There's a little left; not much. We did not save a thing from Grosvenor Place. People came in and took possession, and I got frightened and left it. Afterwards, when my clothes were asked for, they sent me a boxful of the poorest I had, and said those were all. I don't know whether it was that they kept the best, or that the maid servants helped themselves to them. Dick!" she passionately added, "I'd rather die than have to bear all this."

"Do you have to go out and buy the meat?" questioned Dick, unable to get the practical part he had seen out of his head.

"There's a boy that waits on the lodgers, the landlady's son, and he goes on errands sometimes. Mark thought we should be safer in a house like this, where there are different lodgers, and one does not interfere with the concerns of the others; that we should be less likely to attract notice. In truth we were afraid to venture on a better place, lest persons might recognize us."

"Afraid of what?" questioned Dick.

"I'm sure I hardly know," she answered. "Of being arrested, I suppose."

"I say, does Sara know you are here?"

Caroline shook her head. "I have written her a note twice, saying we are safe; but Mark would not let me give the address. Aunt Bettina has shaken us off, there's no doubt; she'll never forgive Mark."

"Forgive him for what?"

"Oh, altogether," returned Caroline with a gesture of impatience. "There was the leaving Hallingham, and Sara's money, and other things."

"Where is Mark?" continued Dick.

"He won't be long. He goes out a little after dark, but he does not care to venture much by daylight. And so, you are up for the holidays, I suppose?"

Dick nodded. "Aunt Bett wouldn't have us at midsummer. But Leo broke his arm, and he wasn't strong, and she sent for him; and then she said I might come up for Christmas and we could both go back to school together. I say, wasn't it unkind of her not to have us in the summer? She said her house was small. Summer holidays are jollier than winter ones, especially where they don't let you go on the ice."

Did a remembrance cross Caroline of somebody else who would not have them in the summer?—whose house was not small? Probably not. Caroline had room only for her own griefs. Since the falling of the blow she had existed in a state of bewilderment. The change was so great, the order of things so completely altered, that at times she believed she must be in a prolonged dream, and should shortly wake up to reality. As one who is suddenly put ashore in a foreign country, where the land, the customs, the people, and the tongue are all strange to him, and he can only accept them passively, yielding himself perforce to the necessity of circumstances, so it was with Caroline Cray. Believe me, I am telling you no untrue story.

"How you cough!" exclaimed Dick, as she was interrupted by a heavy fit of coughing, not for the first time.

"I caught a bad cold. It was very bad for a day or two and I lay in bed. Oh Dick! I wonder if I shall ever have a bed-room again!"

"Couldn't you have a bed-room as well as this room?" sensibly answered Dick.

"There was only this room to let when we came here, and we thought it would do. It's tolerably good-looking you see, and we are more to ourselves. Every week, too, we are hoping to leave it."

"Where to go to?"

"I don't know. Mark says something will be sure to turn up."

"I say, do they know about this in Barbadoes?"

"Not from us. I daresay Aunt Bettina has taken care to tell them. Is she as deaf as ever, Dick?"

"She's deafer. And she's getting a regular old woman. What do you think? She'd not let me go out skating this morning, for fear—"

A gentleman entered, and cut Dick's revelations short. The boy looked at him in puzzled bewilderment, for he thought he knew him, and yet did not. It was a full minute before Dick recognized him for Mark Cray.

Formerly Mark had whiskers and no moustache; now he had a moustache and no whiskers, and his beard was growing and his face looked longer. He had on blue spectacles too. Altogether, Dick was hardly certain yet.

Mark did not seem glad to see him. In manner he rather appeared to resent the accident which had discovered them to Dick, than to feel pleasure at it. Caroline put the slices of beef upon a dish, made the tea, and asked Dick to partake.

But Dick declined. And nobody perhaps would have given careless Dick credit for the true motive, or for the real self-denial that it was to a hungry boy. He had somehow drawn a conclusion that Mr. and Mrs. Cray had not too much meat for themselves, and he would not lessen it.

"I can't stay now," he said, rising. "I shall have Aunt Bett at me as it is. Good night, Mr. Cray, good night, Caroline."

Mr. Cray followed him down the stairs. "You must be very cautious not to say that you found us here," he said. "Can we depend upon you?"

"As if you couldn't," returned Dick. "I know. A fellow of ours at school has got a big brother, and he has to be in hiding nine months at least out of every year. I'll tell nobody but Sara."

He vaulted off, or perhaps Mark Cray's injunction might have been extended to Sara in particular. When he reached home, Miss Bettina, who had believed nothing less but that he was drowned, and had sent Neal to a circuit of police stations, met him in the corridor, followed by Sara and Leo.

"You ungrateful boy! Where have you been?"

"Don't, Aunt Bettina! No need to seize hold of me in that way. I have only been sliding. I haven't been to the water."

"You shall go back to school to-morrow," said Miss Bettina, as she turned into the dining-room.

Dick caught his cousin by the arm. "You be off after Aunt Bett, Leo, I want to speak to Sara. I say," he continued in a whisper, as Leo obeyed him, "I have seen Caroline and Mark Cray!"

"Nonsense, Dick! why did you stay out so and frighten us?"

"I have. I should have been in earlier but for that. Frightened! How stupid you must all be! As if I couldn't take care of myself. I saw Carine in a beef and pudding shop, buying cold meat, and I watched where she went to, and I've been there for half an hour, and I saw Mark! He has shaved off his whiskers, and wears—"

"Hush!" breathed Sara, as Dorcas came up the stairs. "You must tell me later."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cutting a Lion's Claws.

The Brussels journals give an account of a curious surgical operation just performed on the great African lion belonging to the Zoological Society of that city. For some time past the animal has been suffering from disease in the feet, which necessitated the cutting of its claws. In order to do this without danger, a large box was prepared with a grated bottom, covered by a wooden floor, which could be withdrawn so as to allow the lion's feet to pass between the bars. The top of the box was also made to descend by means of screws, so as to press on the animal and prevent it from drawing in its feet. When the lion had entered the box, the latter was turned on its side and the sliding bottom withdrawn. The paws then slipped between the bars, and the screws above were tightened. M. Thiernasse, assisted by five pupils of the Veterinary School, then proceeded to cut away the claws. The patient bore the operation tolerably well, only uttering a short roar occasionally, and seemed relieved when the first paw had been cut and dressed. A keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head, and endeavored to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect. The operation was successfully performed, and there is every reason to believe that the cure will be complete.

☞ "I can't say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player when she caught him stealing the spoons.

TWO RULES,

AND HOW THEY WORKED.

"Here are two rules for you, Fred," said Giles Warner, looking up from the paper he was reading, and addressing a younger brother, who was sitting by the stove, playing with a favorite dog.

"Well, what are they? Let's have them," said Fred, suspending his sport with the dog.

"The first is: Never get vexed with anything you can help. The second is: Never get vexed with anything you can't help."

"Are not those rules as applicable to you as to me?" inquired Fred, archly.

"No doubt of that," replied Giles, good-humoredly; "but then it is so much easier to hand over a piece of advice to another than to keep it for one's own personal use. It is a kind of generosity that don't require any self-denial."

Fred laughed.

"But what say you to these rules?" continued Giles. "How would it work if we adopt them?"

"I think they take a pretty wide and clean sweep," said Fred. "They don't leave a fellow any chance at all to get vexed."

"That might be an objection to them," said Giles, "if any one was wiser, better or happier for getting vexed. I think they are sensible rules. It is foolish to vex ourselves about things that can be helped, and it is useless to vex ourselves about what can't be helped. Let us assist each other to remember these two simple rules. What say you?"

"I'll agree to it," said Fred, who was usually ready to agree with anything his brother proposed, if it was only proposed good-humoredly.

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Fred the next morning, while making preparations for school.

"What is the matter?" inquired Giles.

"I have broken my shoe-string, and it is vexatious. I'm in such a hurry."

"It is vexatious, no doubt," replied Giles, "but you must not get vexed, for this is one of the things that can be helped. You can find a string in the left corner of the upper drawer in mother's bureau."

"But we shall be late at school," said Fred.

"No we shan't," said Giles. "We shall only have to walk a little faster. Besides, if you keep cool, you will find the string, and put it in much sooner than you can if you become vexed and worried."

"That's true," said Fred, as he started for the string, quite restored to good humor.

Several opportunities occurred during the day for putting into practice the newly adopted rules. The best was this:

In the evening Giles broke the blade of his knife while whittling a hard piece of wood.

"It can't be helped," said Fred, "so you must not get vexed about it."

"It might have been helped," said Giles, "but I can do better than to fret about it. I can learn a lesson of care for the future, which may some day save a knife more valuable than this. The rules work well. Let's try them to-morrow."

The next morning Fred devoted an hour before school to writing a composition. After he had written half a dozen lines, his mother called him off to do something for her. During his absence, his sister Lucy made use of his pen and ink to write her name in a school-book. In doing this she carelessly let fall a drop of ink on the page he was writing. Fred returned while she was busily employed in doing what she could to repair the mischief.

"You have made a great blot on my composition," he exclaimed, looking over her shoulder.

"I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it," said Lucy.

Fred was so vexed that he would have answered his sister very roughly if Giles had not interposed.

"Take care, Fred; you know the thing is done and can't be helped."

Fred tried hard to suppress his vexation.

"I know it was an accident," he said pleasantly, after a brief struggle with himself.

Lucy left the room, and Fred sat down again to his composition. After a moment he looked up.

"No great harm is done after all," he said. "Two or three alterations are much needed, and if I write it over again I can make them."

"So much for a cool head and not getting vexed," said Giles, laughing. "Our rule works well."

At night Fred tore his pants while climbing over a fence.

"That's too bad," he said.

"It can be helped," said Giles. "They can be mended."

"The way to help it is what troubles me," said Fred. "I don't like to ask mother, she has so much to do."

Giles proposed that he should get over his difficulty by asking Lucy to do the job for him, as her mother had taught her to mend very neatly. Fred was not at first disposed to adopt this measure. He knew that Lucy disliked mending very much, and was afraid she would be cross if asked to do it, but at last decided to run the risk of that. They found Lucy busily employed with a piece of embroidery, and quite absorbed with her work. Fred looked significantly at Giles when he concluded he had gone too far to retreat, and must make a bold push.

"I wish to ask a favor of you, Lucy, but I fear I have come in the wrong time," said Fred.

"What do you want?" said Lucy.

"I am almost afraid to tell you. It's too bad to ask you to do what I know you dislike."

"You are a good while at getting to what is wanted," said Lucy, laughing. "Come, out with it."

Fred thus encouraged, held up his foot and displayed the rent.

"Well, take them off, I will do my best," said Lucy, cheerfully.

"You are a dear, good sister," said Fred. "When I saw what you were about, I thought you would not be willing to do it."

"My uncommon amiability quite puzzles you, does it?" said Lucy, laughing. "I shall have to let you into the secret. To tell the truth, I have been thinking all day what I could do for you in return for your not getting vexed with me for blotting your composition. So now you have it."

"So much for our rules," exclaimed Giles, triumphantly. "They work to a charm."

"What rules?" inquired Lucy.

"We must tell Lucy all about it," said Giles.

They did tell her all about it, and the result was, that she agreed to join them in trying the new rules.—*Merry's Museum.*

THE OLD BLUE COAT.

BY BISHOP BURGESS, OF MAINE.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
Though never I passed the man before?
Because my heart was full and proud,
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
The blue great coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I knew not, I, what weapon he chose,
What chief he followed, what badge he wore;
Enough that in the front of foes
His country's blue great-coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He might have no skill to read or write,
Or he might be rich in learned lore;
But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
And nobler gown no scholar wore
Than the blue great-coat, etc.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
And perhaps in his mood he scoffed and swore;
But I would not guess a spot so foul
On the honored coat he bravely wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
From midnight chill till the morning-star
That worn great-coat the sentry wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Perhaps in the swamps was a bed for his form,
From the seven days' battling and marching sore;
Or with Kearney and Pope, 'mid the steely storm,
As the night closed in, that coat he wore;
The blue-great coat, etc.

Or when right over as Jackson dashed,
That collar or cape some bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
He flung to the ground the coat that he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

That garb of honor tells enough,
Though I its story guess no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That coat is mail which that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the moths may find it behind the door;
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore,
The blue great-coat, etc.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair home their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by
Who wears the coat that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

MADAME LAURA.

A TALE OF SWEDEN.

Christina of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant faith, ascended the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nursed into more than masculine strength. Her willfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetries. Hereby hangs the tale we have to tell.

The young Queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fete or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fete had a peculiar character, and one which doubled its splendor and attractions, while exhibiting at the same time the ruling foible of the heroine of the north. Christina wished for one night, to have the pleasure of openly and expressly bearing the character of the English princess, and to resuscitate around her all that was brilliant and distinguished at the court of her model. For this purpose she gave orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and in particular cases she conferred on individuals the honor of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of Essex and Leicester had a significance attached to them which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play Burleigh, as easily as done in Mr. Puff's drama; but no common man durst assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favor, more than one courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter Raleigh on this brilliant evening. The Swedish Queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal personages to be represented. Thus the verisimilitude of the scene was perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both indeed from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of discrepancy apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to show herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself as much as possible out of the common eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the Queen, as she moved from place to place in the splendid assembly. Ultimately the young cavalier appeared to succeed in bending his companion to his wishes on this subject, and the pair retired to the recess of one of the lofty windows, where they commenced an animated conversation though in low tones. Young and light-hearted, and possessing the spirited temperament of their common country, with a full share of its turn for raillery, they scanned from their secluded nook the whole of the vast assembly, and subjected every one who caught their eyes to a witty but good-humored review.

"Ah," said the lady, "look at that little Leicester; what think you of him?"

"Poor fellow! he does not see that the Queen wished to make a caricature of him, by putting him in such a garb!" said the gentleman in return.

"Lord Burleigh's representative," continued the lady, "has got the *wig*, at least—but nothing more."

"And see," rejoined her companion, "how Sir Christopher Hatton bears himself? The English cavalier, it is said, could dance well, but his personator is pleased to make himself a walking-minuet."

In such a style did the young cavalier and the lady chat for one another's amusement in the window recess. At last, the lady, with an appearance of nonchalance, but with a tone of voice that betrayed some deeper interest in the matter, said to her companion:—"Apropos—the Queen herself—how do you like her?"

"The Queen!" replied the cavalier in a low voice, casting around him a troubled glance.

"Yes," continued the lady; "do you think she resembles Elizabeth of England?"

"Between *us*—just as much as *Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of France!*" was the youth's answer.

As the last words left his lips, he grew deadly pale. His companion alone seemed to enjoy the remark. "Admirable!" cried she, and signalized her sense of the joke which was conveyed to her by the words, with a hearty laugh.

But her mirth received a sudden check, as her eye fell upon the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

"Who is this *Madame Laura?*" said the Queen Christina, for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overheard all that had passed.

At this question the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to lean on the window. But he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the Queen's interrogatory:

"Madame Laura, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honor to resemble the Queen of France—both in dignity and beauty."

Christina looked upon the speaker with an air of doubt and indecision.

"Count d'Harcourt," said she, after a pause, biting her lips at the same time, "this is a trait of French gallantry for which the Queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period."

Nodding slightly and haughtily to the Count's fair companion, Christina then turned away, and with majestic steps moved to a spot where a band of courtiers were at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue:—

"The Queen has spoken *particularly* to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made."

The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment muttering to himself: "I am ruined!—lost!" and taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went directly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd,

"I have a favor to ask of your excellency," said she, "under the seal of secrecy."

"Your majesty has but to speak," said the diplomatist, gravely, "and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power."

"I assure you," returned the Queen, "your power will not be severely taxed at present. It is but a trifle—a bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of *Madame Laura!*"

"Madame Laura—Madame Laura!" rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes upon the ground.

"Yes, Madame Laura," said the Queen, impatiently; "does your excellency know her!"

Upon the diplomatist avouching that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed.

"Then your excellency," said she, at length, with an imperious voice, "will have the goodness to favor me, by finding out the lady. Let an express set out for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay, with full details respecting the character and position of Madame Laura."

The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the Queen of Sweden imitated, or resembled Elizabeth, in her fashion of coquetting with some favored noble of her court. The person on whom, at the date of our story, the favor of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The Queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of the Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helena, of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own and the widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned d'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked-ball, Christina had herself deigned to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The Baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on answering the hint of the Queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sydney, widow of Sir Philip, whom Essex had privately made his Countess, the Baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. Hence the unwillingness of d'Harcourt to attract attention at the masquerade, the baroness then being his companion. Well would it have been for the young noble had he been equally cautious with regard to his speech! But, in reality, the costume of Christina, which had called from him the mysterious remark about Madame Laura, was somewhat ridiculous. The numberless frills of Elizabeth's usual dress, with all its other stiff and stately points, were very much out of place on the restless, careless, and petulant Queen of Sweden. Perhaps she was partly suspicious of this on reflection, and the more galling was the idea of being an object of ridicule to the man she favored, and, above all, to her rival in his regard.

The impatient Queen received an answer from Paris in eight days, so actively did the courier fulfill the orders given. "Madame Laura," said the document which he brought, "is a court-lady who has become *mad*. Her mania consists in a belief that she is Queen of France, and in her endeavoring to rival the real sovereign, Maria Theresa, in all her dresses and decoration. The poor woman passes her life in this sole occupation. The Queen never assumes a habit, which is not seen immediately afterwards on Madame Laura. As she is as inoffensive as ridiculous, nobody meddles with her, and she is everywhere known in Paris as the *Queen's caricature.*" This dispatch had additional details of the same kind, and concluded by exhibiting a portraiture of poor Madame Laura, dressed as Maria Theresa, and looking inexpressibly ridiculous.

The rage of the Queen of Sweden knew no bounds. She had conceived that there was some little point about d'Harcourt's comparison somewhat unfavorable, but to find that she had been compared altogether to a vain and ridiculous mad woman—she, the heroine and pride of the north—she, who had almost allowed the author of this great insult to know that she loved him—she, to be an object of contempt to this strange youth and his Lady Sidney, the woman for whom he seemed to reject herself—such a thought was torturing to the heart of the proud and willful princess.

"Wretches!" she exclaimed, "this is the comparison ye would have me believe to be a compliment!"

Filled with such emotions, the Queen chanced to look again at the detailed account of Madame Laura. "Innocent as the madness of the lady really is," said one part of the paper, "she is an austere sovereign, and by no means inclined to admit clemency among the royal virtues. She speaks ever of executing justice." The passage tallied with the state of the Queen's mind. "Yes," cried she, "if I am ridiculous, like her, I will be similar to her in all things." Then she set herself to discover a fit chastisement for d'Harcourt. None appeared to her sufficiently heavy, sharp, or sudden. In this temper passed the day on which she received the galling document from Paris.

Sleep, or the calm of night brought a change over her feelings. She arose with an altered mind from her couch, and in place of an order for his confinement in a dungeon, she sent to d'Harcourt on that morning the brevet of the additional rank of lieutenant colonel.

The Count, who had been preparing himself for leaving Stockholm, was surprised and confounded on receiving this intelligence. He was the more so, as he had not the least doubt but that the Queen must have discovered the secret of his allusion to Madame Laura from some of the Frenchmen about the court. The conduct of Christina thus appeared to him in a most magnanimous light, and a light very dangerous to his fidelity to the Baroness de Steinberg. Still more was this the case when, after a lapse of but a few months he was raised to the rank of Colonel, and subsequently, on the occasion of his performance of a gallant action, was honored with the rank of General and the key of Chamberlain of the household. He was induced also to become a naturalized Swede, as a step to future greatness.

All eyes were now turned upon the rising young Frenchman, and it was thought that the premiership, if not a higher honor, was within his grasp. He was in a trying position. He was charmed with the Queen's generosity of heart, and believed that she must love him, though nothing but her kindly actions, and it may be her looks, had indicated it hitherto; and he had never dared to enter on such a subject. Indeed, dazzled as he was by the prospect of personal favor from a young, powerful, and not unlovely princess, d'Harcourt still felt his heart to be with the Baroness de Steinberg. His fidelity to the latter and his ambition came at length to a direct trial—a struggle of superiority. The Baroness de Steinberg had seen, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, the elevation of her lover, but the sense of pain predominated. She saw that ambition was estranging him from her. One day, accordingly, she wrote to him, announcing her intention to leave Stockholm that evening; but plainly indicating that if he yet loved her enough to retain her, she would not go. At the same moment, almost, the Count received a letter from the Queen, desiring his immediate presence at a private consultation with her council. This was equivalent to an announcement of a new honor awaiting him. The Count was deeply agitated by this dilemma, but ambition, or what he would have called *duty*, gained the day. He neglected the invitation of the Baroness and went to the palace, seals and portfolios dancing before his mind's eye by the way.

The Queen was seated in council when he was announced. All smiled upon the favorite; but Christina signified her wishes for the whole to retire, and d'Harcourt was left alone with her. She was pale, and he was also agitated. It seemed to him as if the moment was come when a crown was to fall on his head. After a pause the Queen lifted a portfolio, stamped with her royal arms, the symbol of supreme if not royal power, and holding it out said: "Do you desire to see it?"

The smile of the Queen made the intoxicated young noble interpret this into: "Do you love me?" and he fell on his knees, exclaiming, in answer:

"Yes, I love you as much as I reverence and admire you!"

He continued in this strain for a short time, when the Queen interrupted him—and what an interruption!

"Enough!" cried she, in a tone that froze the blood in the Count's heart—a tone resembling that of a player who casts aside a mask he has worn for a time. The dismayed Count would have risen, but she imperiously signed to him to remain. "At length," continued she, in a tone of concentrated bitterness—"at length I see you *there*—and the hour of my revenge has come!"

D'Harcourt fell back, with his head upon a *fauteuil*, dumb and motionless.

"Yes," resumed Christina, "I knew that you *loved* me, but I wished to hear you declare it, as I can now say as a *woman*, what I might long since have said as a *queen*, that I—scorn and despise you!"

A groan was all the reply of the deceived and unfortunate Count.

"Yes, I have raised you," continued the Queen, "only for the enjoyment of this hour. Elizabeth raised the Earl of Essex step by step to a place of honor. So have I done by you. But there is no further step. If I cannot be Elizabeth, as Madame Laura, whom I resemble so much, and who is equally cruel and mad, I may fairly finish the similitude. You remember the end of Essex?"

"Death!" exclaimed the agitated Count, involuntarily.

"Yes, death on the scaffold," said the Queen. "I have taken care to naturalize you in Sweden, and you are at my discretion. But I will conclude this affair in a manner more worthy of Madame Laura, and consequently of me," added Christina, bitterly.

As she spoke she summoned the counsellors to re-enter.

"This man," said she to them, "is insane. Let him be conveyed to the *madhouse!*"

Dumb with horror the Count d'Harcourt was taken from the royal presence.

Insanity really attacked the unhappy man. But from the tenderness of one woman he found a partial remedy for the cruelty of another. On hearing of his doom, which was mitigated in time, the Baroness de Steinberg, forgetful of all her wrongs, flew back to Stockholm. Her future days were dedicated to the solacement of the broken spirited Count d'Harcourt.

The Gentleman with the Camellia.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; here a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, everything about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran new—a fact of which he was far from being unconscious. Each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie, a blue one, negligently arranged *a la* Byron, under a rolling collar.

From this I argued that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,—

"And who, sir, may this client be with the *distingue* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your truly flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no indeed, sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologise," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentle sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed Houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that, so long as you conceal the lady's name, there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' corner' of the Trottingbury Mercury *exegi monumentum aere perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D——— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London."

"Why, my dear sir, there are six copies of the Trottington Mercury on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Trottington, Trottingbury Mercury. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening, I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and had taken them to the office of the Trottingbury Mercury. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury Mercury is a garden. There, roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate: a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk—

"'Who is that divine creature, who has just left your office?'

"'That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our "Poets' Corner."'

"'She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"'Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me; I thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office, in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I feel deeper in love, my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury Mercury. She was a poetess, she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Glorious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't, sir; I remember them well."

"I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said: 'There is a letter here, meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed: '———— Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the Trottingbury Mercury.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camellia," I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition: we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocked, unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poets' Corner" in the Trottingbury Mercury, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at

Waterloo Station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what!—how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, I have a friend there who will lend me some money. The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal."

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add, that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

By Archibald Maclaren, of the Gymnasium, Oxford, England.

"Girls are naturally weak, and therefore do not require strengthening." Absurd as this may sound—monstrous as this may sound—it is repeated to me many times in the year by people of almost every rank of life and every degree of education. "Girls are naturally weak, and a feeble organization is natural to women." There is a class of errors not inaptly called *vulgar* errors, though not quite in the sense of the strictly literal interpretation of the word; but this is a vulgar error in its most vulgar sense, for it seeks to screen wrong, and ignorance, and pretension, and to perpetuate the evils springing from these, under the stolen mantle of knowledge.

During the period of nursery life are not our girls as healthy and as hardy as our boys? Are they not as active and as strong? Have they not limbs as firm and frames as lithe, cheeks as ruddy and spirits as high? And why? Because, the laws of their growth being the same, and the manner of their lives being the same, the same also is their mental and bodily advancement—identical their progress. But from the day that brother and sister part company at the nursery door, the manner of their lives is changed; and, while that of the boy is usually a healthy, hopeful, happy march on to maturity, that of the girl is a dull and languishing advance—uncertain, contradictory, monotonous, artificial. The laws of their growth remain identical, the agents that promote it the same; but the whole manner of the administration of these agents is changed, and, in the case of girls, the natural action of these laws is perverted.

When a lady opens a school she usually does so in an ordinary dwelling-house. The bedrooms—large or small, detached or collected, as the case may be—are allotted to the pupils; and the drawing-room or library is appropriated as the school-room. But few drawing-rooms or libraries, except in houses which we rarely see devoted to this purpose, possess space enough, or admit air or light enough, for a school-room; and for the simple reason that they were never intended for the purpose. It was never anticipated when they were built that they would be required to hold air for so many pairs of lungs, and during so many consecutive hours of habitation.

I have already, when recommending a judicious use of the bath in the nursery and in boys' schools, endeavored to show that the cleansing of the skin by ablution is but one of its many advantages; for in many essential points bathing is virtually exercise, and in a modified form possesses some of its most valuable attributes. If for these reasons the bath was important to nursery children and to school-boys, how much more urgently is it required of girls, who, as we shall presently see, have absolutely no exercise at all deserving of the name? And yet how seldom do we hear of a school for girls that has made provision for the proper ablutions of its young and delicate occupants. Do we not rather know that the custom is to permit them daily to put on, and nightly to remove, their many-fold and bulky and close-fitting garments from a skin that water or brush or towel never touches from Midsummer to Christmas, and Christmas to Midsummer.

After the routine duties of dressing and prayers, it is customary for school-girls to go straight to the breakfast-table. Their lungs have not been inflated, nor the chest uplifted, by a single breath of the external air; the pulse has not been quickened and the nerves have not been braced by the refreshing tonic of the bath; so the morning meal needs to be both stimulating and substantial, at once to arouse the appetite and satisfy it. For the activity and energy of both mind and body will be greatly dependent upon it, and they are just beginning the day. And what an exhilarating, stimulating meal is set before our delicately-nurtured girls, and how nourishing and sustaining for their fast-growing frames at this age, when the drain upon its resources is at its greatest? Bread and butter, with milk and water, or weak tea, daily, without change or addition throughout the half year. We have just discovered that we have been killing our soldiers by thousands by our persistent neglect of a few sanitary laws, the principal of which are these two—a proper supply of fresh air, and a reasonable variety of diet. Now these were all men of mature frame and approved health and strength, with whom variety was not so important; and the early lives of the men who fill the ranks of our army have not, we may suppose, been very pampered; yet the impure air of barrack life, and the unvaried dinner of boiled beef, sapped the physical energies of these hardy and hard-faring men, and consumption, more potent than an enemy's sword, slew them by thousands.

From the breakfast-table it is not unusual to go straight to the school-room, there to be occupied for three or four consecutive hours at mental task work. Not yet have they breathed the external air, nor stretched their young limbs but in passing from one room to another. But after the school hours come the relief and the change, the amusement and the relaxation, the recreation and the exercise—all at once, and all in one—a veritable *bonne bouche* of physical enjoyment. Having attired themselves in bonnet and mantle, linked together arm-in-arm, two and two, they go forth—for a walk! As they did yesterday, as they will do to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, at the same hour, in the same order, along the same road, the same distance—wheeling round at the same spot, and back again at the same pace. And no one must laugh or speak except to her companion, and then only in an under-tone, because loud speaking is unladylike; and no one must quit the path, or run or jump, because all romping is unladylike. This is when the weather is fine. When it is not fine they must stay within doors, the younger ones playing in the school-room, if they can contrive to do so without disarranging the books or tables or making a noise, and the elder ones sauntering about the room, writing letters, reading, or listlessly turning over the sheets of music or drawing in their portfolios. A welcome sound is the dinner-bell; not that they are hungry—that would be unladylike—but many are faint, and all are weary.

If consumption thinned the deep ranks of our grenadiers, how comes it to spare this most melancholy procession of a girls' school? Does it spare it? We know sadly to the contrary, but are content to look upon it as irremediable; to acquiesce in the assertion that girls are naturally weak and sickly, and that a feeble organization is natural to women.

If the whole establishment cannot be built expressly for this all-important purpose, as recommended for boys' schools, the first act of occupation should be to erect a school-room on the most approved plans for insuring perfect lighting and ventilation, or, if this cannot be done, so to alter the special room as to produce a full admission and uniform distribution of light, and a free opportunity for the change and interchange of the air with the least exposure to the inmates. It is wonderful how much may be done in this respect in promoting their health and comfort—almost as wonderful as the little that is done.*

The question of ladies' dress is hedged about with many difficulties. The articles of female apparel are so numerous, some of them of such mysterious use, and of such intricate construction, that it is not easy at first sight to perceive in them any very clear design or system of bodily covering. With the dress of boys or of men it is different. At a glance we see the number and the nature of their garments, the materials of which they are made, their shape and size, and we can judge at once of their suitableness to the age, health and habits of the wearer. Take that of the school-boy. Besides the universal skin-covering, linen or calico, his dress consists of three garments: trowsers for the lower limbs and lower region of the trunk, waistcoat for the upper region, and the tunic or jacket as a second covering, capable of being worn buttoned or unbuttoned at the desire of the wearer; the whole generally of some fabric woven of wool, soft, warm, light, and loose. In exceptional instances a duplicate of the first mentioned garment, in the shape of drawers, is worn. In adult life this costume is varied but by the addition of skirts to the jacket, converting it into the coat. In summer or winter the dress is the same, differing only in texture of material, with an upper coat for cold or wet weather, large, loose, comfortable, fit alike for city street or country road, saddle or carriage. For this country and climate nothing can be better for boy or man.

How complicated in comparison appears female costume! And yet, on a close examination, it is not only simple and clear and sensible enough in its original plan, but it will be found to bear a strong resemblance to that which we have just been describing.

Given the skin-covering of linen or cotton for daily or bi-weekly change, common to all ages and both sexes, there is then the covering for the chest or upper region of the trunk, corresponding to the waistcoat worn by men, or rather to that of small boys before their promotion to braces, when the trowsers are buttoned to the waistcoat. As its name indicates, it is a body to the petticoat. It is usually made of jean, although a better material, and one which it is satisfactory to see coming into daily use, is knitted cotton work, soft and pliant, cool in summer and warm in winter, admitting of perfect freedom to the part of the body which it covers, and forming an elastic point of attachment to the garment which it is intended to support. Nothing could be better designed than this garment, unless it be its continuation, the petticoat itself when properly fastened—*i. e.* of soft flannel, closely and fully plaited, draping around the lower limbs and terminating midway between ankle and knee, admitting of perfect freedom of motion, and yielding adequate protection and warmth. Here we have an entire covering, corresponding to the trowsers and waistcoat of the other sex; and that the comparison is not a fanciful one will be admitted when it is recollected that the petticoat has formed, and still forms, part of the dress of the hardier sex in countries not very remote. There remains then the upper garment, overlying these, and covering the arms, corresponding to the jacket of the boy and the coat of the adult; and this is suitably and sensibly provided by the frock or gown, made of cotton, silk or wool. The extra or upper coat worn by men in cold weather is variously represented by jacket, cape, cloak or mantle, scarf or shawl. Recently, too, the little round hat of straw or felt, common alike to boys or men, and equally good for either, has, with the not unsuitable addition of ribbon and feather, been readily adopted by ladies.

With this system of bodily covering it would be difficult to find fault. Wherein, then, the evil, of which we hear so much, of female costume? What is the nature of the evil, and in what article does it lie concealed? Let us examine the different articles. We begin with the first mentioned, the covering for the chest. The more it is examined, the more it will be found to answer its purpose fully—*i. e.* to yield adequate covering and protection to the back and chest, and, while supporting the petticoat, to transfer its weight to the shoulders. And this it does entirely when properly made, which, however, is unfortunately not always the case. On the contrary, in a majority of instances, it is made with the arm-holes too small, and the shoulder-straps too tight, by which the arms are, as it were, pinned down by the sides, to the sore confinement of the chest, and consequently the prevention of its proper development. For a large portion of the upper region of the trunk is dependent on the action of the arm for exercise, and the healthy development and healthy condition of the vital organs which the chest contains will, of course, be injuriously affected by that which injuriously affects the size and shape of the chest itself. This is important in another aspect besides its strictly sanitary one, for the confinement of the arms, especially with young and fast-growing girls, causes the shoulders to droop and lean forward, prevents the filling in and rounding of the column of the neck, and perpetuates in undesirable prominence the bony ridge at its base. Or, if this garment be not made sufficiently wide to admit of the full expansion of the lungs, evinced by the rising and swelling of the chest at every respiration, the same results will be produced. We must not therefore take it for granted that this garment is entirely satisfactory, although to it we are indebted for much help in the expulsion of stays; for we may now look upon tight lacing as a thing of the past, and can no more believe in its existence among persons of ordinary information and education than we could credit the use of thumbscrews in a court of justice in this the nineteenth century—save indeed that we occasionally find tight stays worn by persons who, from long and fixed habit, find it impossible to relinquish their artificial support, now become a necessity to them. But we have yet need of care and watchfulness, lest the present otherwise unobjectionable garment should perpetuate some of the evils of its predecessors.

To the petticoat also unrestricted praise may be given, when made of suitable material, of proper fullness and length, and suspended to the body. But it is too often made of heavy, bulky, and stiff material, with no inlying yielding folds to open and close with the action of the limb which it covers, and therefore fails in affording the necessary warmth. Duplicates and triplicates of the garment are therefore added; and these, instead of being fastened to the body, and suspended from the shoulders, are with broad and heavy bands, bound around the loins—the portion of the body of all others which, with young girls, should be left perfectly unconfined and unencumbered. This is not the place to particularize the nature of the evils which this pernicious practice would originate, and, where they already exist, would aggravate; but everyone who is acquainted with the structure and functions of the human body will agree with me in condemning a custom so fraught with danger to the health and happiness, present and prospective, of the wearer.

Equally sensible is, and equally sanitary might be, the frock or gown, provided always that its shape and size bear relation to the duties, ordinary or extraordinary, of the wearer. Sanitary and comfortable, convenient and elegant, might this garment be at all times and seasons; but, just as we sometimes see a simple bequest from honest industry to charity proving a never-ending source of ruinous litigation, so has this garment, blameless it its original conception, proved from generation to generation a nidus in which Fashion has hatched her brood of endless absurdities, aimless follies, and meaningless caprices. For the mutations of this article of dress are endless, as they are aimless. The mode of to-day will be obsolete to-morrow—to be revived, it may be, on the day after; or the crotchet of a hundred years ago will be resuscitated without motive or cause. There is no certainty, no security, no pause, no resting-place; because all change is dictated by Fashion, and Fashion disdains and disclaims all obligations to rule, law, or principle of beauty, utility, economy, comfort, or common sense. It has but one aim, one object, one desire—Novelty.

And yet out of the worst feature of this evil, springs present hope; for all change must now be for the better. We have at last attained a point at which "the force of Folly can no farther go."

Were the subject less serious, and did it not concern health and happiness, there would be something quaintly absurd and comically amusing in the sight of a lady of the present day when out for a walk—literally carrying her clothes, holding them up, bearing them along, a burden in both hands. Either this absurdity must be, or there is the unpleasant alternative of letting them trail behind her, sweeping the dust from the road and from the pavement at every step.

The vices of this garment render nugatory the virtue of the others, and originate fresh vices in them. It is to this evil of long, heavy and bulky skirts, flounced tier above tier, that we owe our present infliction of crinoline. For it is simply impossible for a lady to walk at all and have the use of her hands without some machine to assist in holding up her skirts; and here the propagation of evil by evil begins. The mass of skirt necessitates crinoline; crinoline necessitates additional petticoats for warmth and decency; and these are bound round that part of the body which most requires to be left unencumbered and free. And all for what? That young and old, ungainly and elegant, may look and move alike—may look and move like nothing feminine, like nothing human, like nothing endowed with life or power of natural motion—may possess the size and shape of a hay-cock, and the motion of a Jack-in-the-green.

But it is when we begin to examine the subject of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys, there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable. Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all?

It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could not this afford to be reduced? Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool practicing music, good for either mind or body—extended, too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor? Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board—the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? When there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is, doubtless, great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement; and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but, where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?

Again, are the actual studies always of that character which will bear a very close scrutiny, either as furnishing present mental exercise, or information of much future usefulness. Are they such as truly to call forth and strengthen the powers of the mind, or to cause it to reach favorably upon its twin-sister the body? Are they not indeed, generally wanting in that power of healthy stimulation which, exerted at proper intervals and sustained for proper periods, at once develops the mental powers, and sends forth the young boy-student from his Greek construing and his Latin hexameters to his leap-frog and cricket, with a zest and an energy which he will never feel again when the school-room door has finally closed on him? Wherein do the organizations, mental and physical, of boy and girl so fundamentally differ that what is acknowledged to be the very life of the one should be unnecessary, unfit even, for the other?

But I am asked, what would you have girls do? Would you have them play cricket and leap-frog and football? Would you have them taught to swim or practice in gymnasia in Bloomer costume as they do in France? Unfortunately, in this country there is as yet little opportunity for girls to learn to swim; otherwise I should most earnestly recommend this as an exhilarating and delightful pastime, and a health-giving exercise. It may not be too much to hope that we shall yet see on our island rivers private floating swimming-schools as in France. When begun early, the art may be learned so rapidly and pleasurably, and with so much immunity from danger. Only two summers ago, I taught my own little girl, a child seven years old—first teaching carefully the movements of the art before going near the water at all, separately first, and then combined; then, as a second stage, the movements in the water—the child resting her waist on my extended arm; then a stroke or two at a time, with my hand withdrawn; until, within six weeks from the first lesson, she swam a hundred yards by my side in Sandown bay. And so of the gymnasium. By all means take young girls to the gymnasium, if there be one within reach; for they will never enter a building appropriated to purposes affecting this life where they will obtain so great a good. But the costume may be dispensed with—for the simple reason that the dress of every young and growing girl should be at all times sufficiently easy to admit of perfect freedom during exercise.

Neither cricket nor foot-ball would be a good exercise for girls; and there are excellent reasons against leap-frog. But there are very many other valuable, health-promoting games with hand-ball, racket or battledore, grace-hoops, &c., essentially fit for girls; and there can be no doubt that a retired nook in a private meadow, field, or park, might be obtained for the practice of these and similar exercises, where their growing feet might press the soft, springy greensward, where the sweet fresh air might fan their fair young faces, and their eyes might look upon the varied colors of earth and sky. And all this might be accomplished without fear or risk of freckle or tan; for the straw hat and silk gloves would preserve the most delicate complexion, while to it would be added the beautiful bloom of health. These exercises would be for half-holidays, and then only when the weather was unequivocally fine; but the hours for recreative exercises between studies should be spent in the playground. "Playground? What can a girls' school want with a playground? What can girls want with a playground? What can girls want with a place for out-door sports?" They want it, *because it is more important to health, comfort, and happiness, present and prospective, than any other place or thing in the establishment; they want it because the possession of every other desirable object—large dormitory, large school-room, baths, liberally-supplied and varied table—is trifling in comparison with a view to health, growth, and development.* Give them this and you give them the talisman which turns everything it touches into gold! Continue to deprive them of this, and in vain will you try materially to improve their condition, because on exercise the extent and limitation of all the other agents of health depend. Let the same provision be made for girls' as for boys' schools—a provision for every kind of playtime and leisure, for all seasons and states of weather; a place in the country for half-holiday recreative exercises, and, attached to the school, a double playground, open-air and covered-in. Do this, and the mental and physical energies of your daughters will be increased a hundredfold; do this, and fifty per cent. will be deducted from the annual register of deaths from consumption.

"But," it may be asked, "would not these exercises tend, as they do in boys, to make young girls stout, and robust, and coarse?" In the first place, they do not make boys either stout or coarse, but, on the contrary, they make them lithe in limb and shapely in body; and to be robust is the normal state of a healthy lad—the most desirable to possess, as it is the comeliest to look upon. It is the lazy and gross-feeding boy who is stout and coarse. But it is not the normal state of a young girl to be robust, and such exercise could by no art be made to produce it. *Her* normal state is to be straight, and lissome, and rounded, and slim; and this is what proper exercise would produce. Exercise would and could but develope each to be perfect after its kind; and if, as is admitted, it so developes the one, it must of necessity so develope the other—the laws and agents of their development being identical. Plant a rose-tree and a lily side by side; water the rose abundantly, and it will thrive and develope the perfect type of rose beauty. Equally abundantly water the lily, and the true lily type will be perfected. In no part does it resemble the rose—in root or stem, petal or leaf—in no attribute of shape, color, or perfume; yet they grow side by side, tended by the same hand, watered from the same fountain. The *agents* of their development were the same, because such were also the *laws* of their development; but the perfect normal state of each was different, and each was perfected.

But, it may be urged, we have all heard of the folly of Ely-painting. Look how elegant in shape, graceful in movement, and beautiful in complexion, our girls grow up without any of those special and elaborate arrangements for bodily exercise. Very freely is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all these much-to-be-coveted attributes; but boldly also must it be affirmed that others as entirely miss them; and yet a glance at the shapely hand, elegant contour of face and symmetrical features shows that some cruel and protracted influence must have been at work to mar the Creator's general design—for the rounded back, flat bust, heavy body, and weak limb, are with this at discord. If in all His works there is rhythm and harmony, most unmistakably so in this, the most perfect and beautiful of them all. Very readily is it confessed that many do grow up possessing all the attributes of beauty; but very sadly it must also be confessed that death gathers freely of these flowers, and that disease takes the bloom from many of those who are left, and drains the life-sap, so that they perish and fall by every rude and unkindly wind that blows, and by every unexpected shower that falls. True also it is that some apparently resist every evil influence—just as our mothers grew up to have fair forms and happy looks, and to spend useful lives, in defiance of tight lacing. But we must remember that if they had the bane they had also the antidote; if they had the hindrance to growth springing from a defective knowledge of the laws of health, they were, on the other hand, free from the consequences attendant on the too earnest pursuit of accomplishments at the present time. Where we now see a young girl sitting for several consecutive hours over intellectual tasks, her predecessor, fifty years ago, was to be seen taking an active part in every domestic and household duty. And true it is, also, that our fathers had stalwart limbs and deep chests, and broad shoulders, in defiance of the mummy-like swathings of their infancy. But who shall say that the fair forms would not have been more fair, the happy looks more happy, and the useful lives more useful, if our mothers' forms had been allowed to grow as nature designed; and who shall say that the limbs, and chests, and shoulders of our fathers would not have been more stalwart, and broad, and deep, had they been allowed in infancy the motion and freedom which their Maker intended? And who shall say that *our* strength, and *our* happiness, and *our* usefulness, have not been lessened by *their* error—*our* germ of life enfeebled by *their* weakness? The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children—their errors are also entailed.

* There is no better mode of warming a school-room of moderate dimensions, and at the same time of keeping pure the air, than by open fireplaces, with as little metal and as much brick frontage as possible.

☞ A wealthy but weak-headed barrister once remarked to Curran, that "No one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres makes a *wise-acre?*"

☞ Whenever Englishmen get a correct idea of the United States, when they learn that Texas is not in Virginia, and that Georgia is not a part of New York, they will begin to "hopen their heyes with hastonishment" at the progress made in the American war. They will probably then learn that it is the biggest war ever recorded in the history of the world, before which European campaigns are mere school-boy fights.

☞ Gen. Sheridan has done a good thing in shutting that back door to Washington—the Shenandoah.

☞ They have a free and easy way of conducting elections up in Madawaska. The Loyal Sunrise says that on the day following that of the election, some of the plantations had not made up their returns, but were waiting for more voters who were not twenty-one years old the day before.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is unsettled and lower. Sales 9000 bbls Flour at $9,25@10 for common to good and choice superfine, $9,50@10,50 for extras, $10 to 11,25 for extra family, and $11,50 to 12,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are lower, with small sales of the former at $8,25@9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN has declined 15@25c since last week. Sales comprise 25,000 bus at 200@225c for fair to prime Penna and Western reds, and 230@250c for white. Rye is lower, with sales at 175@180c. Corn has further declined; sales of 15,000 bus are reported at 160@163c for yellow, and 158@160c for Western mixed. Oats; sales of 25,000 bus at 90c for Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The stocks of the Hog products generally are very much reduced. Mess Pork is held at $42@43, and Mess Beef at $18@23 ₱ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon—bagged Hams are quiet at 22@22½c. Sides are held at 22c, and Shoulders at 21½@22½c. Of Green Meats, small sales of Shoulders, in salt, at 20c. Lard—a few small sales at 22@23½c, in bbls and tcs. Butter—prices range at 35@45c for good and prime Pennsylvania and Western packed, and roll, and 48@50c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is selling at 20@20c. Eggs are worth 28c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Little or nothing doing; small sales at $1,20@1,25 for Middlings.

BARK—50 hhds Quercitron sold at $45 for first No 1.

COAL—There is little or nothing doing, and prices are irregular and lower.

COFFEE—The market is almost at a stand still; a few small sales Rio at 35@40c are reported.

COPPER—Ingot is quoted at 50@51c; Sheathing at 72c; and Yellow Metal at 50c for Sheets and 54c for Bolts, net, cash.

FEATHERS are reported at 80@85c ₱ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Green Apples, which range at from $1,50@2,50 ₱ bbl. A few Dried Peaches are beginning to arrive, and quarters are offered at 17½@18c ₱ lb. Cranberries are worth $12@14 ₱ bbl.

HAY is steady at $28@30 ₱ ton for baled.

HOPS are quiet at 30@35c for new and 30 to 37c for old crop.

IRON—The market continues at a complete stand still, and the prices of both Pig and Manufactured Iron are unsettled and altogether nominal.

LUMBER—The demand is light, and prices are unsettled.

MOLASSES continues dull and drooping.

POTATOES are much lower, and good Mercers are offered at $1 ₱ bus.

RICE is dull at 12@12½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—A few small sales of Cloverseed are reported at $8 for old, and $9@10 for new crop, and Timothy at $5,50@6,50 ₱ bushel. Flaxseed ranges at $3@3,10 ₱ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is held at $1,10@2,20, and Whiskey at $1,78@1,80 for Pennsylvania and western bois.

SUGARS are dull and prices unsettled.

TALLOW is unsettled at 14½@15½c.

TOBACCO—Sales of Pennsylvania Seed Leaf at 10 to 35c ₱ lb.

WOOL—There is little or nothing doing to alter quotations, which are nominally 80c@$1 for fleece, a decline of 2@3.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15 ₱ 100 lbs. 100 Hogs at from $11, 0 to 18,50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—30 a head were disposed of at from 6 to 8½ cts ₱ lb. 120 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₱ head.

THE TIMES ON FARRAGUT'S VICTORY.—The London Times, of September 17, in summing up the results of Admiral Farragut's victory, says:

"We think the reader will admit that this is a most extraordinary battle, and, perhaps, the most wonderful part of it is the comparative impunity with which it appears that wooden ships can still engage an iron-clad. It is obvious to surmise that the result might have been different if the Tennessee had attacked her antagonists with shells instead of with rifle bolts, which merely cut clean holes through their sides, but it is also clear that 'ramming' cannot be tried, as it was in Hampton Roads, if ships can only so move as to elude the ram. What destroyed the Congress and the Cumberland was that they were mere sailing vessels, and could not evade the shock, whereas Farragut's vessels, by aid of their screws, escaped fatal damage, and at last, being fourteen to one, actually beat their great antagonist at his own proper game. In fact, the Tennessee was literally hustled into surrender. Her crew were knocked off their feet every five minutes, and were no longer fit for fighting, though their ship was substantially uninjured. Finally what are we to think either of Confederate plating or Federal guns when such enormous pieces fail to produce any effect on armor at ranges measured, not by yards, but by feet or even inches? These are questions which will be asked with considerable interest, and the battle in Mobile Bay will, perhaps, add one more lesson to those which we have received from the American war."

WHICH THEY PREFER.—It is a remarkable fact connected with the alleged unanimity which prevails in the rebel states to resist the Union, that more than one-half the residents of Atlanta preferred to go North when Gen. Sherman proposed to remove them outside his lines, though they had their option to go either North or South, and were furnished with facilities to take them in either direction. We have not the least doubt that the people in the states of rebellion are unanimous in support of the Confederacy, just for the same reason that they were carried out of the Union, they cannot help it, for the presence of no one is tolerated in those states who expresses an opinion opposed to rebel rule.

DEATH OF THOMAS F. MARSHALL.—The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall died on the 22d ult., at his residence, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., aged about sixty-four years. He was considered in his time the greatest and most brilliant of American orators. Many years ago he was a member of Congress. Few men surpassed him in varied learning and elegant literary acquirements. He possessed also the faculty of writing as well as speaking—a rare combination—and it was difficult to determine in which he most excelled.

☞ A famous swimming match recently took place in the British Channel, between Mr. Herschell, of the French navy, and Capt. Saunders, an Englishman. The course was five measured miles at sea, with rather a high sea running. The Frenchman took the lead at first, and kept it up for a long time; but was ultimately passed by Capt. Saunders. The distance was accomplished by the winner in one hour and fifty-six minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

From the New York Com. Advertiser, May 31st

MRS. MEYNGER, of Fourth street, Hoboken, who has been afflicted with cancerous affection for three years, has been completely restored to health by Drs. Babcock & Tobin, of this city. The doctors give their attention almost entirely to the treatment of this class of diseases and numerous patients attest to the skill and success of their practice. They can be consulted at their residence, 27 Bond street.

SOLDIERS' SPECIAL NOTICE.—Do your duty to yourselves protect your health use HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Sores, Bowel Complaints and Fevers, they are a perfect safeguard. Full directions how to use them with every box. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make so much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

FORTUNATE COMBINATION.—We are opposed to proprietary medicines and it is with some compunction that we give advertisements of them in our columns. Still we must confess that Brown's Troches are convenient and useful, in certain conditions of the throat and larynx, before speaking.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ *Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.*

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D., CHARLES H. HOWARD, of Boston, to LYDIA, daughter of Wm. H. Love, of this city.

On the 8th of Sept., by the Rev J. H. Alday, Mr. CHARLES H. TILTON, of Trenton, N. J., to Miss DOLLIE BARROWS, of this city.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ROBERT GRAHAM, to Miss JANE T. SCOTT, both of this city.

On the 9th of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. ANTHONY LAMY, to Miss AMELIA SEARON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., AUGUSTUS METZGER, to Miss GERTRUDE COOK, both of this city.

On the 31st of Sept., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. HENRY CANTWELL, to Miss MAGGIE WEBER, both of this city.

On the 19th of June, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN P. ABEL, to HARRIET SNYDER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ *Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.*

ALEXANDER H. FREEMAN, son of the late Rev. Jonathan Freeman, in his 33d year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES LEVIS, in his 45th year.

On the 4th instant, SUSAN C. OSBORN, in her 60th year.

On the 4th instant, SAMUEL ARMSTRONG, aged 39 years.

On the 4th instant, JANE S. BROWN, in her 65th year.

On the 3d instant, THOMAS CAMPBELL, aged 39 years.

On the 3d instant Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, in his 55th year.

On the 2d instant, JEREMIAH H. YEAGER, in his 47th year.

On the 2d instant GEORGE HOBB, M. D., A. A. Surgeon in his 54th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM LEE, in his 77th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM CROSS, in his 25th year.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. sept17-ly

The Atlantic cable, which is to be laid next summer between England and America, was recently tested to try its strength and ductility. A given length was taken, suspended, and gradually weighted until it broke, the elongations succeeding each additional weighing being duly registered. The cable selected bore the weight of six three-fifth tons. The core, the spiral wires involving it, the insulating body, the into yarn, and each separate strand of the cable were similarly tested. It was found from these experiments that the more the fibres of wire were brought into a state of tension, the greater became its strength, and that as an insulator gutta percha, although not so perfect as India rubber, is far more durable, and that the cable as now manufactured will be able to bear a strain four times its own weight when laid at the bottom of the Atlantic.

☞ The travelling dress of the Princess of Wales is described as a "silk Victoria tartan dress, trimmed round the skirt with a full row of black velvet, a silver gray poplin jacket, and a white crape bonnet—no veil."

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prize" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.

Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist, 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.
oct8-1y

WITHERS & PETERSON,

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates,

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
may2-1y

NORRIS, STERNE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND PLATED WARE.

We offer to purchasers throughout the United States a large and splendid assortment of Jewelry and Plated Ware of every description at prices which defy competition.

ARTICLES SENT BY MAIL
FREE OF CHARGE.

For the benefit of persons wishing a neat, pretty, and useful article at a moderate price, we attach the following price list:

Ladies' handsome Neck Chain $1.00; single stone imitation Diamond Ring $1; Cluster imitation Diamond Ring $2; Heavy Plated Vest Chain $1 25; Heavy Plain Rings (will stand the strongest acid) $1; Heavy Plated black enamelled Sleeve Buttons 50 cents; gents single stone or cluster imitation Diamond Pins $1; magnificent Bracelets $1.25; handsomely chased Medallions $1.25; Pen and Pencil with extension case $1.50; Ladies' beautiful Revolving Pin (can be worn either side) $1.25; Ladies' small Jet or Garnet Pin $1; handsome ladies' set of Pin and Drops Coral, Carbuncle or Opal sets $1 25; fancy Watch Keys $1; Ladies' Long Guard and Chatelaine Chains $1; genuine Gutta Percha Pins for hair or bonnets $1; vest Rings $1; red or black Ball Ear Drops 50 cents; children's handsome Carbuncle or Coral Armlets $1; Vest do do, fancy patterns, 50 cents; Carbuncle Studs and Sleeve Buttons $1; Silver plated Butter Knives $1 50 per pair; Silver-plated Spoons $2.50 per half dozen.

All articles Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.

All orders filled immediately. A liberal reduction in price will be made on orders for a number of articles at one time.

Address all orders to
NORRIS, STERNE & CO.,
211½ Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
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CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
Drs. BABCOCK & TOBIN,
27 BOND Street, New York.
oct8-3m

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. RARE, 18 Wall st., New York. oct8-3m

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security.* Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation.* On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Up to the 24th of September, the subscriptions to this loan amounted to over

$40,000,000.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

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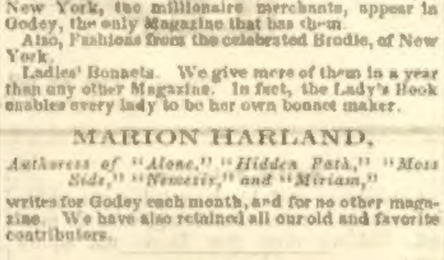

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ELECTRICITY:

ITS WONDERS

AS A

THERAPEUTIC AGENT.

TO THE DISEASED.

Five years ago Professor C. H. BOLLES located himself in the city of Philadelphia, at No 1220 WALNUT street, and announced his great discovery in the therapeutic application of Magnetism, Galvanism, and other modifications of Electricity for the cure of the most obstinate, acute, and chronic diseases.

In announcing to the public a discovery so intimately connected with the well-being of our race, it may be deemed proper to make a few prefatory remarks to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of evidences and facts too incredible for belief.

This discovery is the result of more than ten years' hard and scientific investigations. It develops not only a reliable system for the diagnosis of disease, but the only efficient and reliable means of cure. Its great superiority over all other systems for the cure of disease has been practically tested for more than ten years, and for five years in Philadelphia, where twelve thousand invalids have been treated, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to all sections of our country, who, after treatment by the most eminent medical men in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities, had been given up as incurable, and in nearly every case a perfect cure had been effected.

Many of the most obstinate of the above cases treated have been warranted by special contract, and not a failure has been made in any warranted case. As indubitable evidence of the foregoing statement, we have adduced in the following advertisement testimonials from citizens of Philadelphia, who had suffered from a complication of diseases for four, ten, and even thirty years, and had availed themselves of the best medical skill in this and other cities, and were given up as incurable, but afterwards were fully restored to health by a few applications of Electricity.

We are curing, and further pledge ourselves to cure, a certain class of diseases acknowledged to be incurable by any known process of medication diseases that never have, nor never can be controlled, only by this mode of applying the various modifications of Electricity.

We are often asked for what diseases is Electricity best adapted? In reply, we would say, for all diseases to which flesh is heir—acute or chronic, inflammatory or paralytic. In all cases where medicine is beneficial, and in all cases beyond the influence and control of medicine. Electricity has the power of arousing the vital force by changing its polarities, thereby regulating secretion, excretion, digestion, and circulation and bringing the system back to a condition of harmony and health.

Thousands of the most reliable individuals in this city who have been treated at No 1220 Walnut street can and will vouch for the above statement of facts in their own astonishing cures. We verily believe that we have cured more obstinate diseases during the five years of our practice in the city of Philadelphia than all the medical men that have ever practised in this city, either allopathically, homœopathically, or by any other pathy. This assertion may look like boasting, but it is true every word of it, for who ever heard of such astonishing cures!

Who shall properly estimate the inestimable blessing thus so speedily conferred on suffering humanity, when, instead of being drugged for months, and thrown on the sea of lan guishing, health is restored by this treatment in many cases almost instantaneously! In conclusion, we would say, for the encouragement of the dyspeptic, neural ic, consumptive, rheumatic, paralytic, epileptic and, in fine, all those on whom medical treatment ever did and ever will prove a total failure, that there is still hope in your case, and a fair chance for your recovery, at No. 1220 WALNUT Street.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The following report is not the result of hearsay, or far-off certificates, or reports of men of doubtful veracity, but from reliable business and professional men in our very midst, whose report was arrived at after weeks of careful investigation, at 1220 WALNUT Street.

FROM A FEW RELIABLE MEN IN PHILADA.

We, the undersigned, having been treated for obstinate diseases at No 1220 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia, which had resisted for a long time the treatment of the most eminent medical men in this city; and, also, having witnessed the results of his treatment on a great number of our acquaintances and friends, for acute and chronic diseases, do therefore take great pleasure in recommending to the public this important discovery.

He has been located five years at No. 1220 WALNUT Street testing his treatment on many thousands of our most reliable citizens by his new discovery of applying Galvanism, Magnetism, and other modifications of Electricity, and, having watched his success in the speedy and permanent cures of hundreds of our friends as well as ourselves, and, especially, that class of diseases never benefited by medicines; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, regard the great success we have witnessed for months in the treatment of Consumption, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Insanity, Diabetes, Bronchitis, all Nervous Diseases, Catarrh, Amaurosis, Aphonia, Asthma, Ague Chills, Contraction of Limbs, St Vitus' Dance, Coldness of Feet, Hands, or Head; Deafness Dyspepsia, all forms; Epilepsy, Hemorrhage, White Swelling, Mental Depression, Neuralgia, Withered Limbs, Convulsions, Palpitation of the Heart, and Lockjaw, as indubitable evidence of the scientific application of Electricity for the speedy cure of all curable diseases.

E. A. Steele, M. D., No. 6 South Twelfth street; Wm. H. Shriver, Haines street, Germant wn; L. C. Stockton, 200 Market street, Philada; John McCormick, 1920 Ridge Avenue; Chas. H. Grigg, Nos 219 and 221 Chestnut street; Emanuel Roy, 767 Sassom street, attorney-at-law; Isaac D. Guyer, 2 Woodland Terrace; E. N. Nash, 313 South Sixth street; H. Craig, 1726 Arch street, 128 Broad street; Robert D. Work, 51 North Third street; A. G. Croll, northeast corner Tenth and Market streets.

N. B.—We take pleasure in referring the sick to the above names, and the following, whose certificates have been or will be given in full for the good of humanity.

Judah Levy, Bronchial Consumption, No. 814 South Front street; Edward T. Evans, preacher of the M. E. Church, Dyspepsia of long standing, Laryngitis, and Lumbago, No. 1633 Hemath street; Wm. H. Shaler, Paralysis of lower limbs, Paraplegy, and Epilepsy, publisher of the *National Merchant* No. 126 South Second street; Thos. Owens, Congestion of the Brain, and severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and Diabetes. American Hotel, Philada.; James Nugent, Deafness for six years, and ringing and roaring in the head, Fifteenth and Bedford sts.; Wm. Morgan, General Debility, 401 Spruce street; Thos. Harrop, severe Diabetes Rose Mills, West Philada.; Geo. Grant, Rheumatic Gout, long standing, No. 610 Chestnut street; H. F. Lentiver, Chronic Neuralgia and Inflammatory Rheumatism, No. 1736 Chestnut street; O. H. Carmick, Chronic Dyspepsia and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Chestnut and Fortieth streets; Geo. W. Freed, Epilepsy, No 1402 North Thirteenth street; Antony Carney, Consumption, No 1217 Market street; Edward McMullen, Consumption, No 1627 Front street; Chas. H. Grigg, Dyspepsia and Constipation, Tenth and Arch streets; J. Rieker, Chronic Bronchitis, Constipation, and Congestion of the Brain, No 518 Callowhill st.; Rev. J. Mallory, Apoplexia, Philadelphia.

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And
Mrs. S. A. FULTON.

Mrs Fulton, a lady of great experience and ability, will have entire charge of treating in the ladies department.

Consultation free.

Address all letters to Dr. W. B. BROWN, 1220 WALNUT St. Philadelphia.
oct1-8t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Railway Thoughts.

"Mowing must be a grievous business. Old Jaggers, by whose meadow I stood for an hour, groans loudly every stroke of the scythe. He made 412 strokes going the length of his meadow; that's 412 groans. Quite penitential. He stopped to whet three times, wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve nine times, and swore twice at the bumblebees. These facts I took down to report to the 'County Statistical Association,' which preserves all such things in its archives. I always notice things that way, as I go on."

"The Regulations of the ——— Railway terrify me when I read them. You 'must' do this and you 'must not' do that, and passengers are 'warned,' and 'informed,' and 'notified,' and 'cautioned,' until I have concluded that the only place where a man can ride peaceably is on *top* of the cars. There no prohibitions meet a fellow."

"I laughed just now. A fellow came in who was built on the principle that *length* is what nature demands more than *breadth*. The cars being full, he had to stand up, and propped himself by the check-rope. He pulled it so hard that the cars stopped. He rushed to the door to learn the cause. Started again. Like result. Such a row when the conductor found it out."

"Confound that old lady before me. I had a tussel with her to keep her from opening the window. She watched me, and the moment I went to sleep had it raised to the roof. What an earache! Could only revenge myself as I was leaving the cars, by accidentally dropping my carpet-bag out of the rack on her head. Such a squeal!"

"Squint-eyed mother. Keeps one eye on her sleeping cherub, the other on the beauties of Nature as we pass along."

"I was expatiating just now upon the glories and abundance of the harvest, and pointed to one immense field, golden with wheat sheaves, when that rascal Briggs dampened my spirits by suggesting, 'Yes, a heap of good eating in that pile.' No romance in Briggs."

"Child on the next seat so elaborately curled, should have to see it undressed to know the sex. Confound the woman who will curl her boy's hair. What does she think he will come to?"

"Good expression—'His heart's as big as a boulder.' Much better than the obsolete form, 'big's a piece of chalk.'"

"How indelicate to hang ladies' under-garments on clothes-lines in public. I always turn my eyes away, but not till I have critically examined them. They are highly objectionable, and I wonder it is allowed."

"'Singular!' says Briggs. 'There's a man who weighs two hundred, and his wife not much less; yet their baby will hardly pull down five pounds.' Briggs wants me to explain it, but I tell him I can't."

"Did you ever observe there's no animal will notice a railroad train passing by except a horse? The cow, hog and goose pay you no more attention than a boy in a lawyer's office."

"You can tell when an experienced traveller enters the car. He chooses the side opposite the sun. Greenhorns don't."

"Why does that young woman deem it necessary, when she smiles, to show off the condition of her gums? I could study dentistry in one hour's conversation with her. Should only have to tell her 26 good jokes, and I could then model every tooth in her head."

"I sold Briggs yesterday, good. He asked me if I had anything new. I told him yes—a new pair of drawers. Took him down beautiful. He is always making merchandise of me when he can, but I disposed of him cheap that time."

A Romance for Young Ladies.

To those romantic misses who turn a deaf ear to the councils of their elders, preferring rather to tempt the hardships of love in a cottage than to have a suitable husband selected for them, there is an awful warning in the following story of

WELTHY MATILDY; OR, THE FATHER'S KUSS.

CHAPTER I.

metildy was welthy, shee was ann only dorter. her farther rolled in his kerridge, and soled shoose fur a livin, att holesell. he lived on the bak ba, nere beekon strete, inn thee sitty of bosting, & his mete bil was tremenjuice!

CHAPTER II.

jaikobb jinkersun loved metildy! aforesed. jaik was poor! inn facked, hee wos so poore hee koodent stan a draught for three hundred thowsend more! hee head know dosh! know spona, knot much! metildy luved jaik kornsiderable! "Sutch is life!"

CHAPTER III.

Metildy's farther sed shoe shood marry fitzklarence fitzspoodle. how hard! as shee disgustic hymn eckstrermly. she koodent tollyrait hymn bkos hee achtonally skwinted! that's soe.

CHAPTER IV.

Things r gitting kornsidderably twisted up.

CHAPTER V.

jaik eloaped with metildy! tha was marrid! metildy & her husband wreturned 2 bosting. tha beged metildy's farther 2 forgive & forgit! hee reefewsed! hee will nover forget!

eye jest past 2 poorer folkes, tha was very see day! it was metildy & metildy's husband!! tha was lookin fur wurk. tha dident find it. metildy mite hayve marrid fitzklarence fitzpoodel! ann hev lived inn a pallashall stile, and also mite hev perewsed thee y'd wurld! "Sutch is life."

A Good Answer.—At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers:

"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?"

A distressed officer, starting up, said:

"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."

The King was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up and his pay increased.

Right Out on His Head.—An old Dutch hypochondriac was complaining to a neighbor; said he, "I have a pig pain in mine stuck (stomach), and somedimes I gits petter and somedimes I gits worser, and one day I shust gits right out on mine head."

Boy.—"Please, sir, tell me the time?"
Crusty Old Gent.—"Yes, sir,—bed-time!"

Easily Satisfied.

A Dutchman and his intended appeared before a newly installed Dutch squire to be married. Bidding them join hands the squire began:

"Hans, dosh you lofe this womans so mootch as you can?"

"Yaw," replied Hans.

"Katerine, dosh you lofe Hans so mootch as you can?"

"No," promptly replied Katerine.

"Bosh you lofe him enuff to marry him?"

"Yaw," replied Katerine.

"Vell, den, I bronounce you man and womans."

Hans asked the charge.

"Oh! noting, noting," replied the squire, "if you ish satishfied I ish too."

FASHION IN 1764. THE SEDAN CHAIR.

[See Engraving on First Page.]

The use of wheel-carriages in towns is not of very ancient date among the English people. Three centuries ago carriages were but few, and were mostly owned by sovereigns or by court favorites, who made but scant use of them, exhibiting them rarely but in state processions or on visits of ceremony. The state of the roads and street-ways, where the ruts often lay half a yard deep, did not admit of rapid driving. We read, even in the days of Charles I., of the royal coach being upset twice in getting from the city to Westminster. At this date, and for some generations later, the custom was, when ladies traversed the city in carriages, for the gentlemen gallants to accompany them on horseback, riding in advance or on either side; these formed a body-guard, not at all unnecessary or superfluous, looking to the swarms of "scourers," and knights of the road, and "mohawks," who made free warren of London streets, and scrupled at no act of violence.

The first hireable vehicles in London were the hackney coaches, so called, not from the village of Hackney, as commonly supposed, but from the old word *to hack*, or *let on hire*. The first hackney coaches were stout-built vehicles fitted for the rough roads of the time; they made their appearance originally in 1625, and were kept at certain hostels, whence they had to be sent for when wanted. Ten years later, one Capt. Bailey brought his coaches into the streets, put his men in livery, and stationed them at the "Maypole," in the Strand, whence they carried passengers to all parts of the town at fixed rates. The captain's example was followed by others; and, in course of time, these street coaches were so numerous as to cumber the ways, to the manifest inconvenience of the public. On the ground of the public inconvenience, Sir Saunders Duncombe petitioned Charles I. for leave to bring into use the covered chairs known as sedans, which had been long in use on the Continent, where few street coaches were to be seen. The king consented to his request, and granted him a monopoly of the chairs for fourteen years. The hackney-men of course set their faces against this innovation; and it is on record that the battle of the coaches and chairs was fought with whips and cudgels, and a characteristic species of brawling, from year to year. There appears, however, to have been room enough for both, as both increased in number as the great city swelled in its proportions. The coaches, which numbered but fifty in 1637, had increased to seven hundred in 1694, and had got beyond a thousand in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The hackney coach and sedan chair both figure in the literature of the last century. Gay, in his "Trivia," tells us how "on his box the nodding coachman snores, and dreams of fancied fares," and the romances and social sketches of the time are full of allusions to both species of conveyance. The coach was much in use for sight-seeing excursions in parties, and for long distances, while the sedan was only adapted for a single person—though occasionally it did carry a double fare—and seldom travelled any great distance. Ladies or gentlemen in full dress usually preferred the chair to the coach for more reasons than one: it was cleaner, and more private; it could penetrate to courts and paved entries which the coach could not approach; nay, it could be carried into the house and set down its fare in the hall, as it often did, to escape either the gaze of the mob or the injuries of the weather. Sometimes an imprudent gallant could go abroad in a chair when he would not venture in a coach for fear of the bailiffs who might be after him; though the chair was not always a secure retreat, as we learn from one of the pictures in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," where the spendthrift, on emerging from his sedan, is seized by the tipstaves.

The apparition of a sedan chair in the streets of London, in the present day, would be regarded as a phantom of the past; yet there must be thousands of Londoners to whom the sight must have been quite familiar in their youth. Sedan-were common enough in the West End of London during the few years before and after the close of the long war with France.

A funny caricature was published about the time of Waterloo, in which an Irishman is represented in a sedan from which the chairmen have waggishly abstracted both the seat and the bottom; his legs are seen coming through, and his burly bearers are guiding him through the deepest kennels they can find—the Irishman sagely remarking that, "but for the fashion of the thing, he would as lief walk."

The sedan disappeared from the London streets soon after the date of which we speak; but, in the then fashionable city of Bath, they continued for nearly twenty years later.

The Influence of the Eye.—Lichtenstein says the African hunters avail themselves of the circumstance that the lion does not attempt to spring upon his prey till he has measured the ground, and has reached the distance of ten or twelve paces, when he lies crouching on the ground, gathering himself up for the effort. The hunters, he says, make a rule never to fire upon the lion till he lies down at this short distance, so that they can aim directly at his head with the most perfect certainty. If one meets a lion, his only safety is to stand still, though the animal crouches to make his spring; that spring will not be hazarded if the man remain motionless, and look him steadily in the eyes. The animal hesitates, rises, slowly retreats some steps, looking earnestly about him—lies down—again retreats, till, getting by degrees quite out of the magic circle of man's influence, he takes flight in the utmost haste.

☞ Where the Fashions Come From.—I have it on good authority that the newest cuts and the most eccentric trimmings are supplied to one of the leading dressmakers in Paris by a lady who moves in the highest circle of society, and who, notwithstanding her income of three hundred thousand francs per annum, occupies her leisure hours with the composition of toilettes.—*London Paper.*

☞ Excellent for these hard times is the name of a St. Louis firm—Grinn & Barrett.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rolling the Ground.

Many cultivators of the soil, not excepting some of the best, frequently err in leaving their soil too loose about their trees and plants. In new plantations of strawberries, this is a common cause of failure. The ground is dug, line "stretched," and plants set out all in one day; and continual watering, shading, or other care is necessary to keep the young plants from withering, if the weather proves dry for a few days after planting.

It may be set down as a rule, that after turning up the soil, it cannot again be pressed down too firmly, if dry enough to pulverize by the rolling. This seems to be better understood by the farmer than the gardener. The roller is an indispensable implement of cultivation to him; but to the gardener it is almost unknown for any other purposes than for using when the ground is wet, to level his lawn or harden his walks.

Yet it may be used to very great advantage in numberless cases.

To suppose a case with an extensive strawberry-grower. Let the ground be first ploughed up, harrowed level, and the plants set out. The next day or the first day after, when the upper surface of soil is dry enough to crumble, let a horse-roller be drawn over the whole place, and the benefit would be incalculable.

We have never known this to be done in this way, but we have often seen it practised in small gardens in a smaller way with the foot, and invariably with excellent results. We know one cultivator who is a great advocate of September planting,—for all successful cultivators have their particular "times," for the success that might perhaps be properly accounted for by other reasons,—and he always follows the pressing plan. The merest novice knows that if a strawberry has its crown covered by the soil in transplanting the heart is apt to rot away; and yet, when the soil is loose, if they are not deeply planted they soon dry and wither away. Our friend plants very shallow. He sets them, in fact, so as to barely cover the fibres. After setting each row he goes over, and setting his foot on each plant, presses it firmly into the ground. In the course of a day or so he goes over the whole patch, watching for any that may appear a little wilted. They get no water if he does find any of them,—nothing but another firm pressure of the foot. It may not rain for weeks, but we do not remember of his having any failure to speak of.

So far as the "loosening of the soil" means pulverizing in cultivation, it is an idea of the first importance. Digging and ploughing are not so much to make the soil loose, as they are to comminute and separate one small particle of the soil from another, so as to make as many absorbent surfaces as possible; and this can be better accomplished by heavy pressure on partially dry soil, than by any other way.

Plant cultivators, we think, are further ahead in this knowledge than the operators in other departments of gardening. The best of them choose rather dry soil for potting, and then ram it in around the plants as tightly as possible, and always with good results. The finer the fibres, usually as in heaths and azaleas, the tighter is the soil pressed; but it is singular that the very men who understand this best, seem to forget it in their out-door operation.

Many a transplanted tree that would otherwise die, can be saved by having the soil about beaten hard when dry. The finely powdered soil seems to have the power of absorbing moisture from the air; and in many other ways will the practice be found immensely beneficial.

There are innumerable instances where the roller would be of far more benefit to the crop than the water-pot. We have no doubt many of these will readily occur to skillful cultivators, and we are sure it is only necessary for us to refer to the matter as we have done, to receive a response from them, that "it is quite correct, but we did not think of it."—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Our Short Fruit List.

We again present to our readers, as the time approaches for fall planting, a revised list of Fruit Trees, Vines, &c., which we can recommend for general cultivation. One dozen varieties of pears, and six of apples, are all-sufficient, provided they are the best adapted to the soil and locality—a fact which each one, upon trial, must judge for himself. Frequently a pear, an apple, or a grape may do well for a few years and then deteriorate. In such case it had better be disposed of by grafting it with more reliable varieties. We have changed our opinion respecting a number of fruits within the last half-dozen years, and yet in some of the instances we are convinced the fault was in the location and soil.

According to our present preference, we should select the following for our own planting, viz.:—

STANDARD PEARS.

1. Early Catharine,	7. Belle Lucrative,
2. Juliana,	8. Sheldon,
3. M.'s Elizabeth,	9. Flemish Beauty,
4. Tyson,	10. Buerre d'Anjou,
5. Bartlett,	11. Lawrence,
6. Seckel,	12. Fotts.

DWARF PEARS.

1. St. Michael,	4. Diel,
2. Bartlett,	5. Boussock,
3. Comice,	6. Belle Lucrative.

APPLES.

1. Maiden's Blush,	4. Jefferis,
2. Baldwin,	5. Smith's Cider,
3. L. I. Russett,	6. Northern Spy.

PEACHES.

1. Crawford's Early,	4. Oldmixon (free,)
2. George IV.,	5. Oldmixon (cling,)
3. Morris White,	6. Bergen's Yellow.

GRAPES.

1. Concord,	4. Telegraph,
2. Maxatawny,	5. Hartford Prolific,
3. Delaware,	6. Creveling.

CHERRIES.

1. May Duke,	4. Black Eagle,
2. Early Richmond,	5. Germantown,
3. Black Tartarian,	6. Belle Magnifique.

RASPBERRIES.

1. Brinckle's Orange,	3. Catawissa,
2. Hornet,	4. Hudson River.

STRAWBERRIES.

1. Russell's Prolific,	3. Hovey's Seedling,
2. Triomphe de Gand,	4. Albany Seedling.

CURRANTS.

1. Black Naples,	2. Red Dutch.

GOOSEBERRIES.

1. Houghton's Seed'g,	2. Downing's Seed'g.

BLACKBERRIES.

1. New Rochelle.

It is better that those who intend to plant out fruit trees this autumn, should take the list with them to the nursery, and adhere to it as far as possible.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Cold Soup.—An excellent cold soup for summer use, a delicacy almost unknown in America, may be made from the liquor in which fish has been boiled, with chopped onions and grated horseradish, a little lemonpeel, mint, thyme, and fried parsley. A slice of cold salmon and a little cucumber will improve it vastly. It is the famous Russian "bat vinia," only abused by those who have never eaten it at good tables.—*Exchange Paper.*

Egg Batan.—Beat 4 eggs very light, and stir into a pint of sweet or sour milk with a little soda in it; mix in a large spoon of butter. Over a quart of sifted meal pour enough hot water to scald it, stirring it to a stiff, smooth mass. Mix this into the milk, beat it well, and bake it in a pan or muffin rings. Very good bread can be made by the above receipt without eggs if soda and sour milk be used.

Doughnuts.—Two cups of milk, 1 cup of butter, 1 of sugar, 1 of yeast, 2 eggs. Spice to your taste. Flour sufficient to roll out.

Sweet Potatoes.—Sweet potatoes, left at dinner, make a delicate, wholesome relish, by placing them, sliced, into an oven to warm, and meanwhile heating and salting some cream or rich milk to pour over them. Serve hot.

A Relish.—Put bread crumbs into a saucepan with cream, salt and pepper; when the bread has absorbed the cream or milk, break in a few eggs and fry as omelet. C. B.

Omelette with Cheese.—Beat six eggs very light: add 2 table-spoonfuls cream, butter the size of a walnut, a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and 2 oz. grated cheese. Beat all well together, and pour into a pan in which a small piece of butter is melting: let it cook until of a light brown, then fold it over and dish for the table. Shake the pan while the omelette is cooking.

COUSIN SARAH'S PUDDING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two tumblers and a half of flour; butter the size of an egg; 1 teacup of sugar, and a larger one of milk; 1 egg well beaten—or 2 if plenty; 1 teaspoonful of super carbonate of soda dissolved in the milk; and 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed in the flour. To be baked a half hour in a quick oven, immediately on making it. To be eaten with sauce. Without sugar this will make an excellent tea-cake, to be baked in a Turk's head.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 15, 8, 3, is a farming utensil.
My 4, 10, 20, is a useful article.
My 23, 16, 12, 31, is an animal.
My 29, 6, 14, 10, is a kind of food.
My 7, 16, 9, is what all should beware of.
My 28, 3, 17, 18, is to scream.
My 5, 13, 7, 3, is a flower.
My 22, 3, 1, is an adverb.
My 25, 19, 26, is a measure.
My 18, 30, 24, 1, is part of an animal.
My 2, 6, 11, 10, is to rent.
My 21, 12, 27, is a boy's name.
My whole is the title of an interesting poem, and the name of its author.

St. Louis. YATES.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 10, 8, 14, is the name of a domestic animal.
My 6, 2, 9, is a cardinal number.
My 12, 4, 1, 5, is a kind of fish.
My 3, 13, 5, 14, 13, 9, is a city of the United States.
My 10, 4, 7, 9, is a character in the Bible.
My 5, 2, 9, 2, 10, 11, was a celebrated Stoic philosopher.
My whole was a distinguished discoverer.

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to the country,
But is often seen in town,
And the boys look up with longing,
Where the tempting fruit hangs down.
My second is dear to parents,
Yet many weep in tears
For the brave, and young, and loving,
Cut down in his green bright years.
My whole is a crime now rampant,
Which, o'er this land so fair,
Has swept like a wild tornado,
And laid its beauty bare.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOE ROSS, Jr.

My first is a part of the human frame.
My second is a worthless man.
My third is a commander.
My whole is a useful article sometimes.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in sickness, and also in health.
My 2d in clamor, and also in stealth.
My 3d in confusion, and also in form.
My 4th in stillness, and also in storm.
My 5th in happiness, how oft it is sought.
My whole you will find from nothing was brought. CHAL.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two springs on level ground are 135 feet apart, and some place in a straight line between them stood formerly a very straight, fine and lofty tree. The square of the distance, taken in feet, from the first and nearest spring to the top of the tree, was 2187 *less* than was the square of feet of the distance from the second or farther spring to the top of the same tree. Now, by a gust of wind this noble tree was broken down by the roots, and falling right over the second or farther spring, it reached one-fourth of its entire length beyond this second spring. Whereas, if it had fallen the opposite direction, over the nearer spring, it would have reached with its top 41 feet 4 inches and 4-5ths of an inch beyond this first and nearer spring. The question in this problem is: What was the length of the tree?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find two positive whole numbers whose sum shall be a square, and also the sum of their reciprocals a square. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the number of hills of corn that can be planted on a circular piece of ground 10 rods in diameter, and no hill to be less than two and a half feet from the circumference of the circle, nor any two hills to be less than ten feet apart, allowing each hill to occupy only a mathematical point? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Ans.—Because you play at chess with *two bishops*, and at cards with *four knaves*.

☞ What vegetable production is fatal to mice? Ans.—Cat-nip.

☞ Why is Asia like a negro's mouth? Ans.—Because it abounds in *gums* and *ivory*.

☞ When is a young man of the greatest use at a supper party? Ans.—When he's a spoon.

☞ What town in New England may be said to consist of two outbuildings? Ans.—Barn-stable.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. ENIGMA—Petersburg. CHARADE—Annunciation, [Ann, (Mother of the Virgin Mary,) Nun, Sigh, A, Shun.] RIDDLE—Ellsworth. CHARADE—Pirate (Pie-rate.)

Morgan Stevens gives the following answer to his PROBLEM, published Aug. 13th:—2 in. square sustains 6,061 lbs.; 9 in. square sustains 3,369 lbs.; and 10 in. square 2,669 lbs.

Morgan Stevens also sends the answer to Gill Bates' PROBLEM, same date:—$6,2761 weekly.

☞ It took seven days continuous labor to make the world, but to make it over again, would only be a *re-creation*.